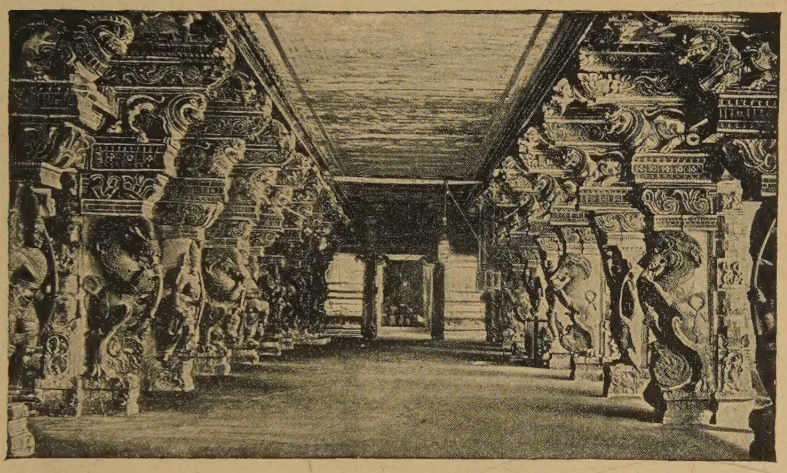
Methodist Magazine and Review.

JUNE, 1896.

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE CROSS.



HORSE COURT IN THE TEMPLE AT MADURA.

This temple was built in the third century before the Christian era. It covers thirteen acres the pagoda being a vast parallelogram 744 x 847 feet. It is dedicated to Siva. Madura is one of the best specimens of a purely native city, a literary centre, and a great stronghold of the caste system and idol worship.

II.

Among the most important relations of Christianity to human progress is its attitude towards education.

John Stuart Mill really uncovers the motive of Christianity in all ages and all latitudes when he says that, historically, the education of the poorest of the people was based on the Protestant theory that every man was held to be answerable immediately to God for his conduct, so that he must be in position to inform himself.

The Mosaic law established a system of education thirty-three hundred years ago. Popular knowledge of reading and writing, and of whatever pertained to citizenship, was more generally diffused among the Jews than it has ever been in any nation since, till within recent times.

* "The Triumphs of the Cross; or, the Supremacy of Christianity as an uplifting force in the Home, the School, and the Nation, in Literature and Art, in Philanthropic and Evangelistic Organization, shown by the Facts in the Yesterday and To-day of the World." By Ex-President E. P. Tenney, A.M. Illustrated by 325 engravings. Boston: Balch Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo. Pp. 702. Cloth. Price, $3.25. Through the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Balch Brothers, we are permitted to illustrate this review with a selection from the 325 admirable cuts which accompany the book.

There were no children in Greek art, says Ruskin. The world's ideal has changed. It has been changed by the Christ-child. The mediaeval and modern art portray higher moral ideas than the art of the ancient pagan peoples ; the Virgin, not Venus, the glorified

AN ARAB SCHOOLMASTER IN EGYPT.

There is a great Moslem University at Cairo to prepare teachers and preachers. Dr. Ellinwood in the *Evangelist*, a few years ago, reported 300 instructors and 10,000 students; some from the Malay peninsula, from India, Persia, Zanzibar, Algiers, Morocco. And Mr. Lane Pool says that some students cross Africa on foot from the West Coast. Bed and board is cheap; a blanket and the floor, and coarse bread.

martyr instead of the gladiator, and the Last Supper in the place of a Bacchanalian feast.

We live in a new age, the age of a glorified childhood; or, more truthfully, an age in which it is literally true that there are several hundreds of thousands of the best-educated people in the world, those who have the highest moral ideas, who are devoted to the highest of arts,—who watch and wait, and work with all the zeal of artists in statuary,—with infinite delicacy of touch, seeking to shape to beautiful forms the character of childhood; as the sculptor stands dreaming over the ledge, till the palpitating marble springs with life,—glorified saints or archangels rising like birds of the morning, or the Son of Man stepping forth from the tomb of the rock as on the day of the resurrection.

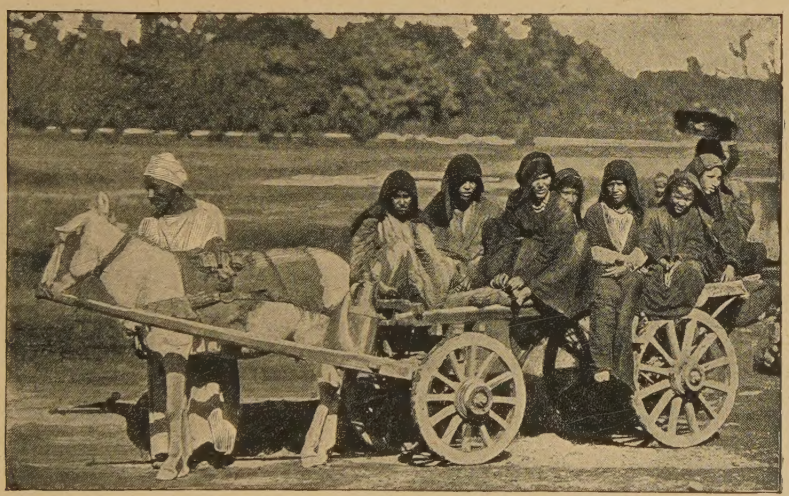
In its relation to the dominant thought to-day of the broadest and the most profoundly educated people on this planet, no other educational system bears comparison with that which has been built up in Christendom. In saying this I refer no longer to the schooling of the populace, but to those studies which have been pursued by relatively few,—the foremost men of the world.

So powerful has been the religious sentiment in Christendom that the hundred thousand University students in the Europe of to-day are for the most part attending institutions founded primarily by the Church or for the Church. As an illustration, take Oxford.

It is easy to trace this in a new country. In American colleges, the distinctively religious foundations are eighty-four per cent. of the total number. Nearly all the academies or fitting schools, before the high school era, were established by Christian money.

These great schools are true to-day to their original intent. The motto of Harvard may well apply to them all,—Christo et Ecclesiae. "For Christ and the Church." They stand for the larger Christ, or the larger human conception of his work; they stand for the greater Church, or the broader, deeper, higher conception of the divine plan in all human life.

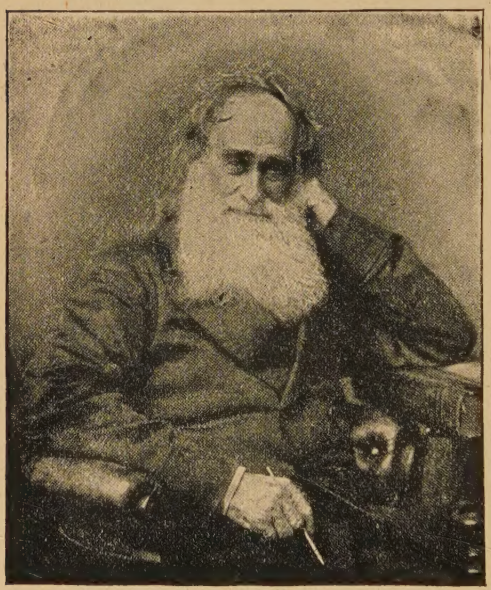
This benign influence of Christianity is no less nobly shown in heathen lands. The British Encyclopaedia says that, in respect to reading and writing, and the elements of arithmetic, education in Polynesia is more general than in the British Isles; then, too, there are advanced schools and colleges in the larger groups,—with football attachments. Taking into consideration the short time they have been under Christian influence, they compare favourably with any Christian people in the world. The population, about half that of Australia, has already forgotten the old heathen rites, and they are busy with commerce and agriculture. Twenty-seven of the most important groups of



AN EGYPTIAN FELLAH WITH HIS WIVES AND FAMILY.

islands are now politically allied to Christian powers, and are reckoned as a part of Christendom.

The grandest work of Christianity in this century has been its missionary achievements. It is estimated that the evangelizing of three hundred and fifty islands has cost $10,000,000, paid mostly by the average man in Great Britain. It is a good illustration of the altruistic spirit of modern Christianity. The story of missions



DR. ROBERT MOFFAT, THE APOSTLE OF SOUTH AFRICA.

forms a library in itself; many of the volumes of great merit and well illustrated. He is indeed an ignoramus who knows all about the atolls, the tropical butterflies, and the differences in war clubs and canoes, yet has no knowledge of the mighty domestic, social, and commercial changes wrought by putting Christian ideas into the heads of the Papuan, the Sawaiori, and the Tarapon peoples of the Pacific island world.

There is, outside the record in the Lamb's Book of Life, no honour greater than that of having one's name inscribed among the Christian discoverers and founders, in the world's missionary era. The work invites all heroic spirits whose minds are occupied with thoughts concerning empires and continents. That ideal of life which is typified by the triumphant cross, inspires young men in humble life to make an adventurous attempt to shift the boundaries of Satan's kingdom, and to advance the outposts of the Redeemer's. Livingstone thought Christianity was worth carrying abroad; and there are to-day seven thousand pupils in Christian schools in the same regions which were, in his day, given over to the slave trade.

Africa has more "good land," fertile, and either wooded or grassed, than the settled area of the United States in 1880 multiplied by five and a third. The continent everywhere, a little back from the coast, is a salubrious table-land, rich in resources, traversed by natural waterways, and waiting to be gridironed by railways.

In a country where women are bought and sold as property, and a man's wealth consists in marketable wives, the altruistic adventures of Christianity in conveying to the natives some idea of home building, are of no small service. The missionary's family is an object lesson far-reaching in its influence, introducing to the heathen a new species of manhood, or womanhood, a type of life never before heard of in the domestic annals of the Dark Continent.

The work of the London Missionary Society in South Africa has been one of the most successful ever undertaken in a heathen

country, the transformations of native character being the most astonishing of all earthly records. Barnabas Shaw, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, gave forty-five years to South Africa. His wife furnished the means for his opening up of new territory, where he was eagerly welcomed; the mighty transformation connected with the Wesleyan Mission in the Fiji Islands being not more wonderful than that wrought among the Hottentots. The Hottentot, Jacob Links, ate a few leaves of an old Dutch Psalm book, thinking it would lighten his conscience when he felt troubled for his sins. The degenerate Dutch said that the Hottentots were baboons, though some said that they were a species of wild dogs; in either case they had no souls. Yet Jacob Links became a burning and a shining light as a missionary to his own people.

Bishop Crowther, of the Niger district, proved in his own person that the heathen could be as well saved in Africa West, as South,—a slave boy, studious, intelligent, industrious, cheerful, and sagacious in practical affairs, 'tis said, well deserving churchly honours.

Concerning East Africa, the traveller Burton told a sad story. "Conscience," he says, "does not exist in East Africa. Repentance expresses regret for missed opportunities of mortal crime. Robbery constitutes an honourable man. Murder—the more atrocious the midnight crime the better—makes the hero."

David Livingstone said that he never ceased to rejoice that God had appointed him to be a missionary. "People talk of the sacrifice I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa; it is no sacrifice; it is a privilege; I never made a sacrifice. We remember the great sacrifice which He made who gave Himself for us."

The sober missionary annals of the Church of England thrill the reader, as if it were a strange wild story of magic transformation. There was never upon the face of the earth a better illustration of the miracle-working power of new ideas; ideas sown, germinating, bearing fruit in really good soil. The Dyaks had not hunted heads because they were so much worse than other barbarians, but because they did not know any better; they thought this was the course to take to propitiate the only spiritual powers that took an interest in them. When they learned better, they did better, thanks be to God the Father, and thanks to the great mother heart of the Church of England which has sought in every corner to find the world's neglected children.

At the meeting of the first Japanese Parliament, under their new constitution, it was found that one member out of twenty was a Christian, while in the empire the proportion of Christians to the whole population was but one to five hundred. The thoughtful men in Japan, the students of the human life of to-day, and of the wide world's literature, find that in Jesus Christ which interests them very much. He offers a new ideal. "It is the glory of mankind that Jesus lived," says Nakanishi, the Buddhist; "Christ's character and teachings stand forever."

It took Christianity three centuries to effect in the Roman Empire changes that Christianity has wrought in Japan in less than one generation. As to domestic life there has come in a new idea. Public opinion has a new standard. There is more Christianity in the Japanese Government to-day than there was in Rome under Constantine.

When Dr. Jessop arrived in Syria, in 1856, there was but one Protestant educational building in

GRADUATES OF GIRLS' SCHOOL, SMYRNA, 1889.

the country, where now there are eighty. There were then no Turkish government schools where now there are graded schools in all the larger cities.

One of the greatest difficulties Christianity had to encounter in heathen lands was the opposition to the education of women. An eminent American schoolmaster, who resided among the Orientals for several years, states that when it was proposed to educate the girls in his somewhat roomy school district, the old men took it as a great joke; they said : "If you educate the girls, the next thing you will want to do will be to educate the donkeys. A donkey can learn to read as well as the girls can. And there is just as much use in having a donkey that can read, as to have a girl that can read. There's nobody that will marry a girl that can read. She will think, and talk back; her husband cannot do anything with her. We shall have our houses full of old maids." Among the minor morals cultivated by the habit of reading is the virtue of cleanliness. Better lighted houses follow the formation of reading habits, and the neighbours who cannot read follow the fashion. And if they do not see to read, they at least see the dirt, and they fall to and clean up their rooms. And if there is a window, they open it and let in pure air. Forty odd years ago there was not a glass window in Aintab. Forty thousand people lived, for the most part, in the dark and the dirt. If the Americans have carried no other light to Turkey than "lights" of window-glass, they deserve well of humanity.

An interesting section of this volume is devoted to the influence of Christianity on art, architecture, music, and poetry. The hymns and the hallelujahs of the millennial day, says Dr. Tenney, are anticipated in these great buildings which typify the city of God upon the earth. There is an organ in Freiburg with seventy-eight hundred pipes, like the trunks and stems of a forest through which the voice of God is sounding. The tiny pagoda roof-bells swinging and ringing in the passing breeze, and the deep tones of the mammoth low-hung bells, which voice Buddhist devotion in the far Orient, but set forth a toy worship when compared with the myriad tones of that mighty instrument which voices the mountain tempest and the songs of the brooks, the

NATIVE CHRISTIAN SCHOOL, INDIA.

wail of penitence and the beatific melodies of the celestial world, the alpine bells of peaceful flocks and the wild war-trumpet, the voice of birds and cathedral chimes, funeral sobs and the hallelujahs of triumphant saints, the morning hymn of one whose heart is broken, and the jubilant notes of numbers without number around the throne of God.

In poetry, the noblest of the fine arts, there is, with one exception, no rival people to dispute the claim of the Hebrew and the Christian to the first rank. Whether the world-wide non-

Christian literature is compared with the Christian, in respect to the subjects treated, the range of topics, the intrinsic merit of the work, or its influence as a popular educator, it is inferior at every point.

Pre-eminent in its evangelizing influence is the Word of God. It is the Bible that is the best of all missionaries. It finds access through doors that are closed to the human foot, and into countries where missionaries have not yet ventured to go; and, above all, it speaks to the consciences of men with a power that no human voice can carry. It is the living seed of God, and soon it springs up, men know not how, and bears fruit unto everlasting life. There is no book that is more studied in India now, by the native population of all parties, than the Christian Bible. There is a fascination about it that, somehow or other, draws seekers after God to read it. An old Hindu servant used to sit hour after hour absorbed in a well-thumbed volume. It was the New Testament in Hindu.

When one comes to think of it there is nothing in any non-Christian religion analogous to the preaching of the Word. It is probable that there are not less than a million popular religious gatherings among the people of the English-speaking race every week. If there are any who are disposed to undervalue this influence, as to the number of attendants, it is to be said that there are no other popular gatherings held throughout the year that begin to match them, and it is also true that the influence is very great in shaping the characters of those who habitually attend. If, for example, we were to say that there are forty or fifty millions of communicants who speak English, and if there are at least so many who gather to hear preaching every week, then the pulpit is no mean factor in the Anglo-Saxon civilization as a popular educator. If it be true, as it has sometimes

THE TEACHERS AND NORMAL STUDENTS, GIRLS' TRAINING SCHOOL, MADURA.

been said, that revelation is to the race what education is to the individual, then it is likely to be also true that "sermons are to the millions what reading is to thousands."

A very marked result of Christianity is its effect in elevating the condition of the millions of toilers wherever it prevails. In India, the price of skilled labour is only ten to thirty cents a day, and unskilled from eight to ten cents. A carrier will walk with a letter thirty miles for eight cents. Boatmen will pull a boat against the current

CARPENTRY CLASS, CHURCH MISSION INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, NAZARETH, INDIA.

a hundred and twenty miles, and walk back, for fifty cents. The failure of one day's work is the failure of food for a vast population. The average meal does not cost over two cents for each person. There are also two hundred millions of people in China whose food consumption does not average over five cents a day. If the Chinese prisons were as good as those of Europe, two-thirds of the population would plan to go to gaol and to stay there.

The drought of twenty years ago in India was in a relatively small area, and the Government saved the people's lives by importing a million tons of rice, and expending $32,000,000; there being in this case easy rail and water communication. Two years after, there came on three dry seasons over a more extended district, not easily reached with supplies; the Government sent $55,000,000, and more people perished than were then living in London or New England.

In India there are multitudes who have only one meal a day for weeks together, and that is a kind of hayseed mush, like bran. Some of them live in palm-leaf huts; some, so living, have become Christians. When my wife asked a woman if she would come to service to-morrow, "Yes," she replied. "Will your husband come?" She pointed to a cloth as large as a towel about her loins, and asked, "How can he come, if I come?" It was the only clothing for two.

Bishop Thoburn, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who has lived in India for thirty years, states it as his belief that one person out of every four in India has

never had sufficient food to satisfy him since he was born.

Another important effect of Christian missions is the introduction of new industries and improved methods of work. The industrial work conducted in Africa by Bishop William Taylor, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is one of the most notable enterprises in the world in the way of self-supporting mission service. Vegetables and fruit, live stock and lumber, are made to praise the Lord, and to bear their part in the salvation of the Dark Continent.

The Foreign Society of the countries, there are new industries. It is a part of a far-reaching scheme to put new Christians on their feet, and make them permanently useful to their own people.

Ye are saved by hope, quoth the Apostle. In the long run of the ongoing years, generation after generation, that people which is most hopeful will achieve most. As to the future of India, Christianity offers a hopeful opening for the coming age, and there are young men there who are already rejoicing in their new life, in their quickened power.

A BAND OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOURERS.
Photograph taken at a convention, Termangalan Station, India.

A. B. C. F. M. has prepared a mission conference paper, by which it appears that twenty-four American societies are engaged, to a greater or less extent, in industrial education in foreign lands. Farming, gardening, masonry, carpentry, and cabinet work, blacksmithing, brick and tile making, tinsmithing, tailoring, pottery, shoemaking, carpet weaving, the manufacture of cotton and woollen goods, and printing are the industries reported.

From a sociological point of view, this is very interesting. As Christianity secures a hold in new

Our author kindles into eloquence in the triumphs of Christianity. Civilization, he exclaims, is young, Christianity has but begun its triumphant career. The slightest comparison of the past with the possible makes it certain that the goings forth of mankind, at this moment, are under the reign of the Morning Star. We live, not in the era of dreary statistics, but of figures which foreshadow the wholesome happy reign of the Son of God, who in His earthly mission was set forth as a hand toiler, and under whom the workingmen of

the world will have the rights as well as the obligations of the highest manhood.

Thirty-five years ago, writes Chaplain McCabe, Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, there was not one convert in all our missions; now there are 140,000. The substantial character of their Christianity appears in the fact that they give more than $300,000 a year for self-support. We have in our Church at home some princely givers. Dr. John F. Goucher, of Baltimore, set out some years ago to support a hundred village schools in pagan countries, and to give a scholarship to the most promising pupil in each school, to aid further schooling. He now maintains one hundred and seventy-three mission teachers. One great-hearted servant of God has given ten thousand dollars toward building our church building and Publishing House in Rome, and a converted Catholic thirty thousand more.

Among our Presbyterian brethren, Mr. R. L. Stuart, with his brother, gave a thousand dollars a week to foreign missions, and another thousand to home missions; and Mr. William E. Dodge, the senior, gave away a thousand dollars a day,—for many years averaging a quarter of a million a year.

Let the Churches arouse themselves, for the hour has struck in which to take the world, under the leadership of our Master. The kingdoms of this world belong to the kingdom of our Lord Christ, and the bells of heaven are waiting to ring in the year of the perfect triumph of the cross.

THE SARAH TUCKER TRAINING INSTITUTION FOR GIRLS, AT PALMACOTTAH.

The heroism of missions is an inspiration to the Church of Christ. John MacLean, Bishop of Saskatchewan was as truly a martyr to his icy river as was Cranmer to the fire. He roughed it upon the rivers and the prairies. And still farther north, the bears and the buffaloes have been disturbed by the reading of the prayer-book, and the

beavers and the wild fowl have sighted the paddle of the Church of England, and the very blizzards have noted with respect the incoming of the missionary dog trains.

The heroic age is not behind us. The chivalrous quest of human wretchedness to be alleviated gives matchless distinction to the nineteenth century. The might of an unselfish love, the spirit of self-

out the plaudits of a grateful world. Names emblazoned in the azure heights of heaven are scarcely known upon the earth, although they represent the consummate fruitage of our ripened Christianity; nor can we select and enumerate the names known to celestial fame.

For years and years there were more Moravian missionary deaths

TEN PUPILS IN EUPHRATES COLLEGE IN EASTERN TURKEY.

This college ministers to an area as large as New England and the Middle Atlantic States, with a population of five millions. There are forty-one students of college grade, and nearly 500 in other departments. Two of the young men, whose faces we see, had to leave, for having too many ideas; they began to think, and to express their ideas. The college would not be tolerated for an hour if it allowed any student to make remarks upon Turkish politics. The authorities had to suppress the young men.

sacrifice, of self-devotement, the contempt of life, the readiness for martyrdom, are working to-day as never before; the crest of the wave is breaking here and now.

Mighty are the evangels of lives that noiselessly bloom and die silently in waste places, eloquent the beauty of far-away mountain and prairie homes, where the sacrificing spirit of the Master is exemplified amid familiar fields with-

than native baptisms in the unhealthy climate of Dutch Guiana; now two-thirds of the total population of Paramaribo are Christians. Pathetic are the West African records of our American, Presbyterian, Episcopal, and Congregational missions; they read like the fifth chapter of Genesis,—"And he died," "and he died." In the first twenty years of the English Church work on this coast,

fifty-three missionaries died; now there are nine thousand church members, and the work is mostly done by forty pastors.

In the Basile mission, on the Gold Coast, in fifty-eight years, sixty-one men and thirty women died of climatic disease; now there are seven thousand native Christians. In the English Methodist mission the fatality was even greater, and now there are twelve thousand native converts. Along the West African coast there are now two hundred churches, 35,000 Christians, 100,000 adherents, and 30,000 pupils in 275 schools; thirty-five languages or dialects have been mastered, and in them all there are the beginnings of a religious literature. It is the price of blood; the precious blood of Jesus Christ, and of those who count not their lives dear to them.

A brilliant Oxford student went to Africa, and, dying at the end of the year, he said, "I think it is with African missions as with the building of a great bridge. You know how many stones have to be buried in the earth, all unseen, for a foundation. If Christ wants me to be one of the unseen stones, lying in an African grave, I am content. The final result will be a Christian Africa."

But we have exhausted our space before we have the subject-matter of the book under review. An important chapter is that by Professor Fisher, of Yale University, on the "Christian Elements in Humanitarian Activities, and the Progress of Christian Ideas in Social Life." We are apt to think the relations of capital and labour unsatisfactory in Christendom, but in heathendom they are infinitely more so. The problem of the poor is soluble on Christian principles, and on these alone. The victims of vice and crime also can be lifted up by it, and by nothing else. The testimony here given by experts as to Christian philanthropy in its myriad forms is of brightest augury for the future of our world. Especially is this true of the progress of Christian missions.

The message of Chaplain McCabe rings like a bugle call. "I should not like it," said Spurgeon, "were you fitted for a missionary that you should drivel down into a king." "In proportion as historical investigations are elaborated into a universal historical science," says Professor Brandis, of Bonn, "in the same proportion will Christ be acknowledged as the eternal and divine substance of the whole historical life of the world, and His sacred person will greet us everywhere on the historical page."

The outlook of the twentieth century is one of inspiring hope. The majestic rhythm of the ages, says our author, in conclusion, is calling rather to the world's youth to conduct the life-work that falls to them along the historic lines. If we are to-day but in the beginnings of history; if there is, stretching out far before us, the long reign of a perfected manhood upon this globe, then he is wise who seeks to act with God in renewing the face of the earth. The commissioned men who are to do it are in good business. To build one's life into the Kingdom of God is an unspeakable honour. To become the instrument of divine benevolence to the earth is the highest of human achievements.

HOWE'ER it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
—*Tennyson.*

HOME LIFE IN GERMANY.

BY A. J. BELL, PH.D.

"FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE."

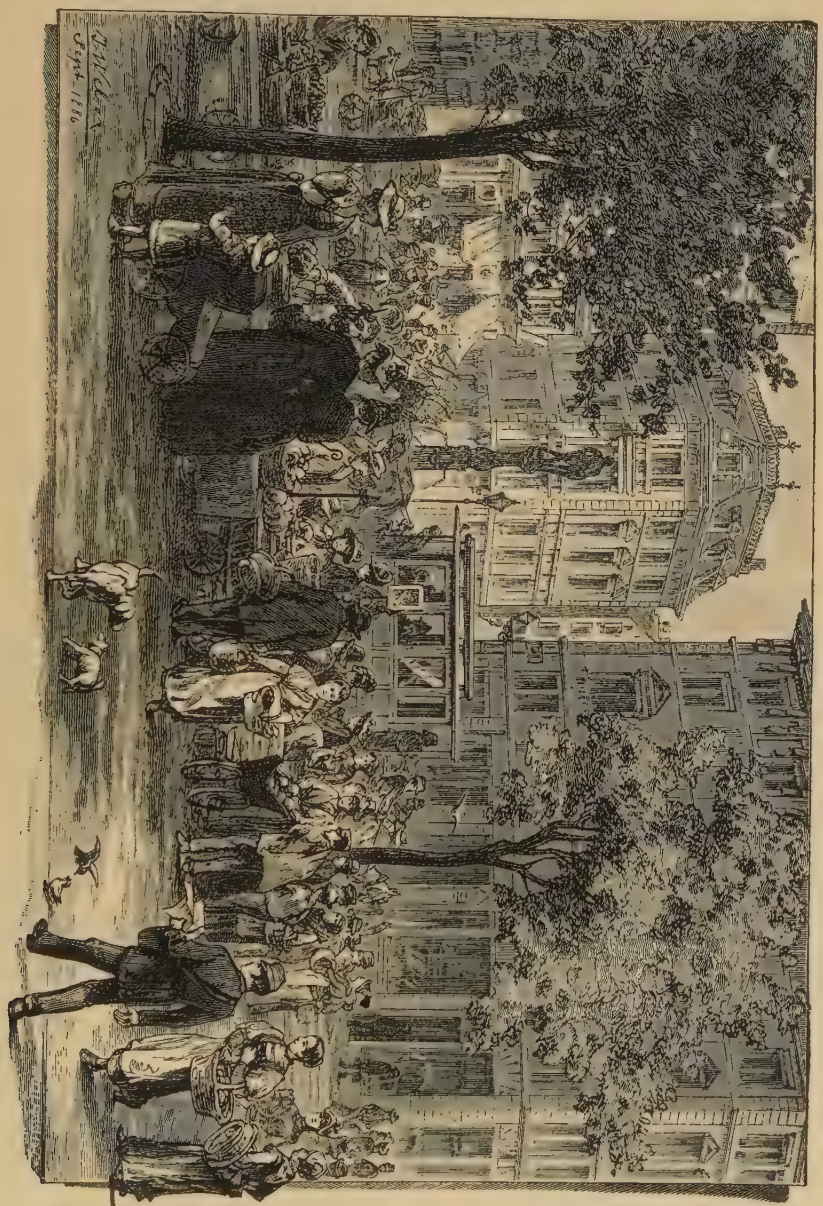
(Sunset view of Offenburg.)

GERMAN FLOWER-GIRL.

One of my most vivid recollections from student life in Germany is of a talk with a thoughtful and accomplished student friend on this subject, in the course of which he said : "But you English have the advantage of us, in that you have the word Home. I have often read of the beauty and emotional power with which this word is used by your poets, and understand that no other language has a word that will quite express all its shades of meaning, or the deep and familiar power with which it appeals to the heart."

I think my friend was right, for in the languages derived from Latin,—the Romance group,—there is no one word, to my knowledge, that has the power, simplicity, and width of meaning that belongs to our English word Home. German, a language cognate with English, that has the word Heim, our "Home," and in Luther's day used it in a variety of meanings approaching that expressed by the English word, has, under French influence in the seventeenth century, adopted the phrases "nach Hause," and "zu Hause,"—in English "to house," and "at house," to express two of its most prominent applications, and so narrowed its sphere of use and robbed it of much of its old force. Our word Home, the German Heim, seems to mean primarily a village,—its diminutive is hamlet—and to be cognate with the Greek Kome, a village. But while we can trace the joyous and humane heart of Greece in the derivatives, Comus, the village revel, the name of Milton's famous poem, and

Comedy, the village song, and Comic, that marked by the light and glad familiarity of the village ; far deeper and broader than this,



MARKET DAY IN A GERMAN TOWN.

and marked by a unique sense of purity and sanctity are the feelings suggested to us by the word "home." But I am going to

speak to you this evening of the home life in a country which has no word corresponding to our word "home," to designate the centre, the hearth from which this life is enkindled.

Yet it would be strange indeed, if we did not find in a great nation

like Germany, a home life well developed and carefully guarded. For, if we consider for a moment, we cannot but see that the

MARKET WOMAN.

home is the chief school of morals and conduct for the citizen, the school where he must first learn what is due to himself, and what he owes to his fellows; in short, the place where he receives his political education. The most remarkable fact about the Germany of our day is the political eminence to which she has attained. England has for the last one hundred and fifty years been the chief political guide and educator for the world. She has solved in a measure the problem for which the Caesars found no solution, when they established the Roman Empire, the problem of how every citizen should be able to have a share in the government, not of a city like Rome or Athens, but of an empire. England's solution has been adopted by her colonies and her neighbours, till we find nations like Turkey and Japan making trial of it, with results widely different, of course; and to-day she receives the proud and justly merited title of "mother of parliaments."

But the Germans recognize that it was to their forefathers that the sceptre of empire passed, when it fell from the enervated hands of the Romans; that Germany was for nearly a thousand years the seat of the Roemische Reich, the nominal successor of the Roman Empire. And to-day the new German Empire, which has been founded and maintained with such

THE HOMES HOUSE, CONSTANCE.

magnificent valour and patient self-sacrifice, is eager to claim the succession of imperial Rome, and impatient that it should be the

GERMAN GUILDHOUSES, AND INTERIOR WITH PORCELAIN STOVE.

English, not the Germans, whose influence is felt in every continent, and that the English language and English institutions seem likely to have the greatest influence on the future destinies of mankind. A people that has achieved so much, and that ventures to aspire to a position so lofty, is likely to see to it that the young should not want for political and moral training.

If we look back to the earliest detailed account of the German peoples which we have, an account written by the historian Tacitus, about one hundred years after the

birth of Christ, when our ancestors were obscure German tribes living on the North Sea and on the Danish border,we find that he notices as peculiar to the Germans a feature of the family life to which the home is mainly indebted for what is most pure and sacred in its influence,—I mean the high esteem in which the Germans held their wives and mothers. The Romans, true to the primary form of family organization, made the father the owner of the wife and children, with the same power of life and death over them, that he had over his slaves; and indeed the word

band, but the husband and relatives gave presents to the wife, a yoke of oxen, a bridled steed, and a sword, shield and spear; signifying, says Tacitus, that the wife is to share the cares and toils of her husband. Among them the influence of woman was not confined to the home circle, but their counsel was gladly heard by the chiefs in matters regarding government and war. It was felt that in the mind of woman there dwelt something prophetic and divine.

It is the English, rather than the German, branch of the Teutonic race that has continued the tradi-

OUT OF DOOR RESTAURANTS.

"familia" means the collection of "famuli," or slaves, belonging to the "paterfamilias." The exercise of this power, it is true, became rare with the advance of culture in Rome; but even in the days of Cicero, we find a father putting his son to death in virtue of his "patria potestas,"—his authority as father.

Among the Germans, Tacitus found a very different state of affairs. "These people," he says, "alone among barbarians are married to one wife, and pass their lives in chaste wedlock." He contrasts this with what he sees in the imperial city in his day The wife did not bring a dowry to her hus-

tion of our ancestors in this respect. While Germans sneer at England, as a country where men are ruled by a woman, we are proud of our Queen, of the purity of her court, of the justice of her sway, and of the wisdom with which she observes the rules laid down by our constitution.

But if woman in England and in the United States plays a greater part in public affairs than in Germany, I doubt if we take such pains both in the family and in the school to fit our women for their position in the home. From her earliest girlhood the German maiden is trained in the duties of a

good housewife. While she is still very young the mother begins to aid and direct her in preparing the linen for her future household, and it is felt to be a great disgrace if, when a girl is married, she does not bring to her husband a store of this large enough to last her for her lifetime.

One of the things that a German woman is proudest of is her skill as a cook, and she would be deeply mortified if her husband proposed that they should go boarding, as with us so many newly wedded couples do. She would take this as a direct reflection on her skill as a cook and housekeeper, and feel that her husband wished to treat her as a doll. The ideal set before all German women, high or low, is that of a good wife and good housekeeper.

We all noticed in the papers not long ago an utterance of the eccentric young Emperor that his wish for all German women was that they should especially devote themselves to the three K's, Kirche, Kueche, and Kinder,—the church, kitchen, and children. Their attention to the first, if my experience is worth anything, leaves something to be desired. Most German women seem to agree heartily with their husbands in thinking that the parks or gardens are the pleasantest places of resort on Sunday, and they do not crowd to churches, which indeed are so few and so inadequate for the accommodation of their membership, that if one-quarter of the members thought of attending divine worship every Sunday, they would not afford them standing room. In the parish where we lived there was a church membership of 20,000, with one church building not over-large to accommodate them. In Breslau, I was informed, only one Protestant church has been erected since the Reformation, though the Protestant population must have increased five-fold.

HOLIDAY MAKING IN GERMANY.

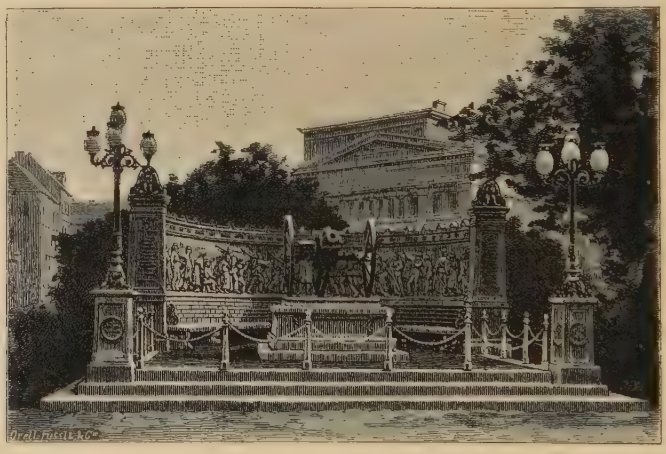
But the women do devote themselves to the direction of the household and training of the children. The household is, I believe, as a rule conducted with great economy and in this the facilities afforded by the German market are of great assistance to the house-wife. In providing a dinner, the housewife, when she arrives at the market, accompanied by a servant, bareheaded and carrying a basket, finds

that she can buy vegetables duly assorted for flavouring a pot of soup for one pfennig, a quarter of a cent, according to our reckoning. She can buy the smallest quantity she will need for a single meal, and this is of great advantage to her, as the dwellings are in flats, and seldom have conveniences for keeping a store of provisions for any length of time.

Here I might add that you will never see the husband accompanying his wife to market, basket on arm, as you may at times in America. On one occasion I took a basket and set off to the market, which was quite close to our rooms, to buy some apples. I was a good deal puzzled by the looks and laughs of the market-women, and took the first opportunity to ask for an explanation. I found that the Germans have an expression : " Einen Korb bekommen," to get a basket, to denote being jilted by one's lady-love, and so a German shrinks from being seen carrying a basket.

Their cooking can hardly be praised without qualification. It seems to me to be especially good as far as it has to do with vegetables; but they overcook their meats as a rule, and what they call English beefsteak is an abomination.

Their children claim a great deal of their attention. We noticed that even among poorer people, who evidently could not afford the best clothing for themselves, the children were dressed with great care, and often with an elegance that surprised us. Great pains are taken to instruct the children in deportment, and it was especially pleasant on entering a German home to see the " Knixe," or pretty courtesy with which a little girl of five or six would come forward to greet the stranger.

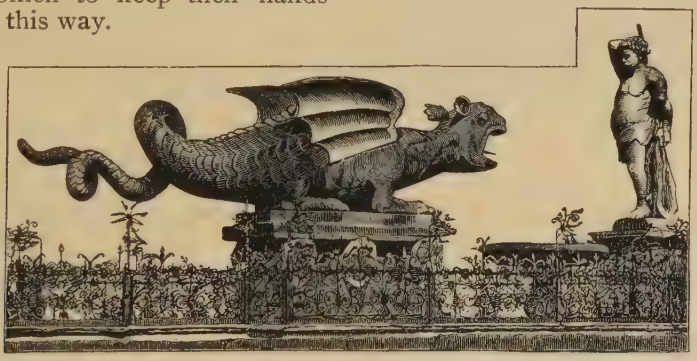


WAR MONUMENT AT GORLITZ.

The schools, too, come to the assistance of the home in training the girls for their household duties; in them young girls receive careful instruction in plain sewing and many kinds of needlework. This is, it seems to me, a feature that we in Canada could copy with advantage.

The feeling for home as a definite place, the love of the hearth and home where one's life is passed, is a sentiment much stronger among the English than

among the Germans. The German family spend most of their leisure time away from home. In the summer you will find them sitting in some park or garden, occupied in quiet enjoyment among the trees, or seated around a table by one of the park restaurants, drinking coffee or beer. The women are busily occupied in knitting or needle-work, for ever since "Old Fritz," the father of Frederick the Great, made it his practice to correct with his cane any woman he saw sitting with idle hands by her stall or in her shop, it has been customary among Prussian women to keep their hands busy in this way.



DRAGON FOUNTAIN AT KLANGENFURT.

Hundreds of families will unite to form a "Ressource," or club, and hire an immense hall for one evening a week during the year. In this hall each family usually occupies the same table from week to week, so that their friends may know exactly where to find them. There they sit and chat in comfort, eat a luncheon brought from home, drink a limited amount of coffee or beer, the men smoke at their ease and the children are delighted to spend a few pfennige at the candy counter, and all this while an excellent orchestra plays at intervals pieces of music by the great masters. I have the pleasantest recollections of many evenings passed in this way, and know of nothing more informal or more satisfactory than the opportunity thus afforded of seeing and chatting with one's friends.

Wherever the Germans spend their leisure time, in the park, Ressource or restaurant, it is almost always as a family that they go. The family has possession of a single table; its circle is unbroken, and the association between its members is quite independent of any place. German poetry on the subject speaks not so much of the charm of one's own fireside as of the woods and glades, the vine-clad hills and blue rivers of the fatherland. The fatherland, since the war of 1870, has become a passion with them, and their favourite song is,

> "Deutschland, Deutschland ueber alles,
> Ueber alles in der Welt."

In every town of any importance there is a monument in memory of the victories won in that war, and that represented in the engraving given above, the Siegesdenkmal, in Goerlitz, is one of the most interesting of these. The cannon standing in front of the semi-circular exedra is the first piece of artillery captured by the Germans in that war. Many of the street fountains are very ancient, as that at Klaugenfoort. It is commonly said that their patriotism is becoming a little noisy and

self-assertive. But when I think of our own patriotic songs and our own high conception of the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race, I

ROMANESQUE CHURCH ARCHITECTURE IN NORTHERN GERMANY.

hardly think that we can afford to find fault with the Germans on this score.

The furniture of the home differs a good deal from that usual with us. There is a noticeable absence of small articles of bric-a-brac in the rooms. In the drawing-rooms the arrangement of the furniture is uniform and somewhat stiff ; in front of the sofa, the place of honour, stands a table, and around that are grouped the chairs. You will rarely see a floor covered with a carpet as in our houses. There is usually a rug in the centre of the room, and it is felt that a clean floor, washed every morning, is much healthier than a carpet, which is too often a means of collecting dust and germs of disease.

But the most noticeable difference between the furniture of a German and an English room is in the Kachelofen, or tile stove, which takes the place of the fireplace with us. Though not so cheerful as the blazing hearth, the heat from such a stove is not so harsh as that from the American base-burner, and except in very cold weather it keeps the room comfortably warm. It is a part of the building, and is in some cases very artistically decorated.

The traveller who is visiting Germany for the first time, and is a stranger to the customs of the people, is likely, when he retires for his first night's sleep in a German hotel, to have some trouble with the arrangement of his bed, if the chambermaid should by any chance have forgotten to put it in order for the night. When he raises the counterpane, he sees two thick, soft feather beds and perhaps the ends of two large square pillows projecting from between them. Even when he has these duly arranged, it is likely to be some time before he feels thoroughly comfortable under the heavy feather coverlet which is the German substitute for our blankets.

TYPICAL VILLAGE CHURCH.

But in a short time one becomes quite used to this, and finds the German bed quite as comfortable as our own.

With regard to the intercourse between home and home, the social duties, matters are on a footing a good deal simpler and more cordial among the Germans than with us. First of all, it seems to me that their plan with regard to calling is a good deal more sensible than ours. Suppose that you are a stranger coming to reside in a German city, you will wait for a long time before any one will call on you. That is not the custom. It is for you to call upon those who are likely to be associated with you in business or with whom you wish

TOWER OF ST. NICHOLAS, GENGENBACH.

to become acquainted. Your call will be followed by an invitation to dinner, and should the acquaintance prove mutually agreeable, will lead to close friendship. My own experience of the generosity and self-sacrifice of German friends I shall never forget. But they have usually a very limited circle of acquaintances, with whom they maintain an intimacy much more close than is common with us in cities of a like size.

Of course English people entering into German circles think this very odd at first, and feel a good deal of diffidence in calling on total strangers; but it is expected, it is the custom, and it is a feeling of regard for the stranger and respect for his right to choose his acquaintances that leads to the maintenance of this custom.

Of another practice of theirs I can hardly speak with the same approval. Contrary to our custom, it is the gentleman who recognizes and bows first to a lady when he meets her on the street. It would be only fair, I think, to accord to the lady the same right which they recognize as due to the stranger, viz., that of choosing her acquaintances.

I had nearly passed over one arrangement in which I think we might well imitate the Germans. Life in Germany is much more of a struggle for existence than life in Canada, and more precautions are necessary to secure the success of boys when entering on any career than with us. Among the middle classes it is the custom for the parents to begin with the birth of each child to lay aside every year as large a sum for him or her as the father's income will allow. This is to form a fund to be placed at the disposal of the boy, when he enters on a trade or profession, or of the girl, when she is married. Such a fund is almost absolutely necessary if the boy is to enter successfully on any professional or business career, as for some time he will receive little or no salary, and needs it to maintain himself till he has won a position in his profession, or has acquired some familiarity with the calling he has chosen.

The Germans are not a wealthy people. Their highest officials draw salaries very small in comparison with what men in like positions with us receive. But they are, as a rule, honest, provident, and frugal, and have, beyond any other people I know, the faculty of

making a little go a very long way. There is probably no other country in the world where there is so little waste or improvidence, or where there is so much independence among the poor, and so little pauperism.

TOWN GATE, GENGENBACH.

On taking up a German newspaper an Englishman will find much in the advertisements and notices that will be novel and interesting to him. Among what will probably interest him most will be the notices of births, marriages, and deaths. They occupy a much larger space in a German paper than they do in ours. If a man of any importance is dead, one will read death notices in capitals with deep mourning borders, occupying the most of two or three pages, one inserted by the widow, one by the employees, several by this, that, or the other club to which he belonged. But he will see one class of notices that he will not find in Canadian newspapers, "The betrothal of our eldest daughter Marie to the Herr Geh-Regierungs Rath, Professor Doctor Johannes Fischer, Director of the Gynaecological Institute, of the University of Utopia, we have the honour herewith respectfully to announce.

Wilhelm Schmidt,
Koeniglicher Eisenbahn-Director,
and
Paula Schmidt,
geb. Muller."

This is a very common form of announcement of the betrothal of a pair that have determined to unite their lives and fortunes. Such an announcement is sent to all friends, and the betrothed make calls on all their acquaintances and receive congratulations. At the betrothal the pair exchange rings and again at the wedding, and a betrothed or married man wears a ring on the third finger of his left hand. I often wondered at first why people thought it strange I did not wear a ring when I told them I was married; and I remember one lady who thought it was very unfair that with us married women should wear a ring and men should not, but acknowledged that men in Germany could put

TOWN GATE, CONSTANCE.

their rings in their pockets if they had any flirtation in view.

It was a custom for the betrothed maiden to live with the

parents of her future husband for some time before the marriage, but this is not now universal. The effect of the public betrothal is good in the main, I think, although in cases where the troth is broken, there must be some regret that it had been made so generally known.

Perhaps what gives strongest evidence of the genuine worth and kindliness of the German character is the way in which they celebrate the holidays usually associated with the home, such as the Christmas holidays. With them, however, it is not Christmas Day, but Christmas Eve that is celebrated. The whole conception and every detail of the celebration is directed to giving as much pleasure as possible to the children of the household. Christmas is the birthday of the Christ-child, and it is the Christ-child that brings gladness and joy and Christmas presents to the German household. Of a little old man called Santa Claus, with his reindeer team and his trips down the chimney, they know nothing. It is in the Christmas tree, with its illuminated and gaily decorated boughs, on the top of which is fixed an image of the Christ-child, that the festivities of the evening find their centre. I can remember as we returned home one Christmas Eve through the streets of Breslau, passing thousands of lighted trees showing through the windows on our way, how we thought of what treasures of joy and gladness had been bestowed on many thousand children that evening in the crowded city.

With this testimony to the kindliness and worth of the German character, I should like to close. At the present moment our papers are full of talk of war with Germany, and of the insults directed by their officials and newspapers against our motherland. Of course we all believe that Germany will prove no match for England should a war break out between these powers. But those who have, like myself, enjoyed the generous hospitality of the Germans, and learned to know their genuine worth, will pray with double fervour that "Peace on earth," the message of the Christ-child to men, may be maintained between the brother races of Englishmen and Germans.

Victoria University, Toronto.

KEPT INVIOLATE—THE PANSIES' SECRET.

BY MRS. F. MACDONELL HAMMOND.

He lingered a little while at the gate
Just a little while before going away,
And I saw the Pinks perk up each pretty head
To hear what he had to say.
But only the Pansies knew—
A new surprise in their wondering eyes,
Showed me that the Pansies knew.

I noticed an added scent in the air,
And the softened depth of their flush,
As nodding, the Roses whispered near,
And they thought it was love by their blush.
But only the Pansies knew!
And the knowledge lies in their glistening eyes
With a softer light than the dew.

Montreal.

The Forget-me-not sighed enviously
As the cold Lily folded up,
Unconsciously, a richer gold
With the golden heart of her cup.
But only the Pansies knew.
I knew by the wise, sweet look in their eyes
That the tender Pansies knew.

But they are as faithful as fair,
And our secret will lie in their heart,
To add new sweetness and fresher life
And bless them to beauty apart.
For only the Pansies knew!
And none are so wise as to read their eyes
Who have not, like me, the clue.

Yours affectionately
A. H. Stevens

THE REV. JOSEPH HIRAM ROBINSON.

BY J. TALLMAN PITCHER.

By the death of the late Rev. J. H. Robinson has passed away one of the most venerable, best known and best beloved Methodist ministers in Canada. The blessing of fulness of days was abundantly filled in his career. He remained with us till his eighty-ninth year in remarkably good health and with mental faculties unimpaired, though suffering the disability of blindness through cataract.

Joseph Hiram Robinson was born in Mossley, Lancashire, England, in the year 1807. At a very early period of his life he was seriously impressed by the Spirit of God, and began to pray. His mother required her children to read to her from the Bible on Sabbath evenings, and regularly to attend the church services. When fourteen years of age, he determined to give his heart to God. Years after he said, "I am satisfied that the peace I then enjoyed was the result of a simple faith in Jesus. At once I united with the New Connexion Methodist Society, and felt desirous that others should know something of the same peace." Soon after he was appointed a Sabbath-school teacher and prayer leader, and at the age of eighteen was made a local preacher.

School advantages at that time and in that part of England were crude and inferior, but he diligently applied himself to study, made considerable progress in the languages, science, theology, and history, and retained throughout his active life the habits of a student.

In his twenty-second year he was appointed to his first circuit. His journey led him through London, where he spent a Sunday. In the morning the bells from one of the churches chimed out a familiar tune, to which Mr. Robinson applied Charles Wesley's hymn :

> "O what shall I do my Saviour to praise,
> So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace,
> So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
> The weakest believer that hangs upon Him!"

It came as an inspiration to his soul. All the sadness of parting from home, and the load that rested on his heart as he thought of the work before him, was gone. On this first journey he lodged one night with a Scotch farmer, who received the young man with true hospitality and interest. He preached for six weeks, and resolved to return home; again he stopped with the farmer, who inquired why he was returning so soon. Mr. Robinson told him that before leaving home he had prepared six sermons, and these were now exhausted. "Go back to your circuit," said he, "and preach again the same six sermons." No one who has had the privilege of listening to his fervid eloquence, brilliant thought, richness of language, and heart-searching preaching, would suppose he had ever been at a loss for sermons.

Mr. Robinson was received on probation at the Sheffield Conference of the New Connexion Church in 1830. Early in his ministry he was recognized as a man of rare gifts, having originality of thought, fluency of utterance, and aptness of illustration. After his ordination, the Conference began to feel his power in debate, his business capacity to grapple with connexional plans, his ability as an organizer and

leader of men. These qualities pointed him out as fitted for the position of Superintendent of the Methodist New Connexion Missions in Canada, which office was at that time filled by the late Henry Only Crofts, D.D. In 1833, Mr. Robinson married Miss Scholey, who for fifty-seven years was a most devoted, faithful, and affectionate wife, and nobly assisted him in his life-work. She passed away in 1890, in her eighty-sixth year. Her memory is cherished most lovingly, not only by her children as a wise, loving, and devoted mother, but all who knew her recognized her earnest Christian character, her gentle spirit, and truly exemplary life.

Mr. Robinson's appointment to Canada in 1851 was regarded by the English Conference as a great sacrifice, as it took from the parent body one of the ablest and most promising men of the Connexion. It demonstrated their interest in the Canadian work, and their desire to promote its prosperity. He was admirably fitted to meet its requirements. He was then in the vigour and prime of manhood, with a well-developed physique, dignified and attractive manner, and possessed great endurance for the toil and hardships of a new country. He saw the possibilities of Canada and the room for the application of more liberal principles in church government.

He entered upon his duties in a spirit of consecration, of zeal and heroic courage. He soon became attached to this country, his heart warmed with fervour and even enthusiasm to the duties of his office. So far indeed did this spirit carry him that in his faith and generous support of the Canadian work, he at one time risked the loss of all his means by placing his private resources in a connexional exigency at the service of the Church. Many a long and hazardous journey had to be made with horse and buggy, when as yet the first Canadian railroad was not built. In those days a horse was an indispensable part of a minister's outfit, and Mr. Robinson's "Charlie" acquired a considerable reputation by his faithful service in the cause for about twenty years. He was immensely popular from the first of his appointments, on the platform, in the pulpit, in Conference discussion, and when with a company in social life. Shortly after coming to Canada, Mr. Robinson became an enthusiastic temperance worker. He was one of the chief promoters of the British American Order of Good Templars, and for a number of years its official head.

Few men were better read in current literature. His books were selected with care, and at one time he possessed one of the choicest private libraries for a minister in the country. His delight was to find a quiet corner in a book store where he could scan the pages of the books and magazines, and he seldom left without a number of new books tucked under his arm. He had a wholesome contempt for small type, poor paper, and cheap binding. Browsing among old books was to him a genuine pleasure. In England especially, the second-hand book stores were irresistible, as he found many real treasures hidden among piles of rubbish. Great was his gratification when he became the possessor of a copy of the "Breeches Bible," which copy now occupies a privileged place on the shelves of a brother minister. Reading formed one of the chief enjoyments of his life. He was familiar with philosophy, history, science, art, and poetry, and especially with the biography of those who have toiled for civil liberty and the Christian Church. His extensive reading made him,

as Bacon says, emphatically a "full man," and enabled him to bring freshness and vigour of thought to the pulpit and editor's table. Into his library drifted a large collection of out-of-the-way literature—flotsam and jetsam of the sea of letters. A friend who was storm-stayed in his house one day, describes the treasure-trove of his large and various collection, and especially of some delightful hours spent in reading quaint old Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." Mr. Robinson had a special love and aptitude for scientific studies. He possessed a telescope of considerable power, and was very fond of its amateur use in observational astronomy.

Owing to the great expansion of the work during his Superintendency, he visited England in 1857 to seek recruits for the work in Canada. He says in a private letter: "We arrived in Liverpool at seven o'clock on Sunday evening. When the vessel came to anchor, a gentleman from Ashton accosted me. He told me that he had stood on the pierhead all Saturday night waiting for the arrival of the steamer. On Sunday morning he had taken a small steamer, and came down fourteen miles to meet us. His object was to secure me for a missionary meeting at Ashton on Monday evening. So enthusiastic was my reception that I was completely overcome, and could not proceed for a minute or two till my feelings were mastered."

At Liverpool, Manchester, and Sheffield, and Mossley—his native village—everywhere he was received with unbounded kindness and enthusiasm. At Sheffield, and at the Nottingham Conference, he spoke one hour and a half on "Missionary Life and Labour in Canada."

The pulpit was his throne. There he was truly a master in Israel. Dull indeed was the intellect he could not stir, and hard the heart he could not melt when his own soul was fired with his message. His entire aspect breathed high and noble thought, his full, clean shaven, beaming face, his open, candid brow, his blue, tender eyes, his clear, rich voice, with wonderful compass and well under control—all these served to attract and hold attention. He impressed his hearers as a man of unique personality, of profound spirituality, united to practical sagacity. While indifferent to forms and conventional usages, he had a native dignity and self-respect which stamped him as one of large manhood, profound faith in God and in God's Word. Few could read the hymns so impressively or put such meaning into the reading of the Scriptures. In his hands the text was subjected to close and searching analysis, the context carefully examined, its teachings fully brought out, illustrated, and enforced oftentimes with wonderful unction and power. He fed the souls of his hearers with the very manna of the Gospel. Frequently his mother wit would flash out and give pregnancy and point to his eloquent utterances. A fine vein of humour was characteristic of the man, but never inconsistent with the dignity of the pulpit or the sacredness of his office. His great aim in every sermon seemed to be to exalt the Saviour, to inspire hope in all, and to awaken kinder feelings towards all. The highest eulogy that can be pronounced on his preaching is to say of him as was said of his Master, "The common people heard him gladly."

His Conference sermons were especially appropriate. He was never happier than when preach-

ing to his brethren in the ministry. His subjects at such times gave inspiration to many a toiler.

Of his preaching, an honoured minister writes: "It was always helpful; his style racy and interesting. While he abhorred slang, and never aimed at pulpit witticisms, a vein of humour enlivened his discourses, and keenest irony would sometimes escape his lips, especially in denouncing the tricks of unprincipled men in the trade relations of life, and the meanness of sin, and while holding up to public gaze the real character of some pretender, the withering sarcasm expressed in the language, the countenance of the speaker, and the tones of voice seemed to smite like a stroke of lightning. His topics embraced every subject within the range of theology, Christian sociology, and religious experience. An omniverous reader, and above this, an original and independent thinker, he was fully qualified to discuss all questions of interest to society, but as an optimist he mostly dwelt upon the great themes of the Gospel in the evangelical system of redemption by Christ. He had the fullest confidence in the ultimate triumph of Christianity, and the millennial reign of grace by the preaching of the Gospel, and upon these themes he would sometimes rise to a grandeur of conception almost sublime."

Mr. Robinson's business capacity was equal to his preaching ability,—pastor of the most important churches of the Methodist New Connexion in England, Superintendent of the Missions in Canada, editor of The Evangelical Witness, four times President of the Canadian Conference, Book Steward, superintendent preacher of a church, either in Toronto or London, editor of the English New Connexion Magazine, President of the English Conference, selected by the English Conference as a safe councillor and wise leader to return to Canada and watch the union movement between the Wesleyan and New Connexion Churches, after the union several times elected a member of the General Conference. In all these relations he was a workman needing not to be ashamed. The trust and confidence thus reposed in him indicate his able administrative power and executive ability.

In Mr. Robinson's private life, social surroundings, and spiritual experience, his true character appeared. There was a brusqueness and bluntness in his manner that was often misunderstood, and which at first repelled those who were not familiar with him, or who did not know his real kindness of heart. A minister who lived in his family for some time writes of him: "I found him to be in his home a godly, unpretending Christian man, whose life spoke even more eloquently than his lips, of the moral power and sweetness of his piety." When absent his letters to Mrs. Robinson always expressed the deepest affection, and to his sons and daughters parental solicitude for their spiritual well being. Another minister writes: "The last time I saw Father Robinson, we sat late and conversed freely on the dealings of God. I found him simple, unselfish, and sweet. As I left that room I felt I had been with one who lived near to and walked with God, so pure, so tender, and trustful, my mind was made nobler and my heart better by the experience and lessons of the life of such a man." He lived "as seeing Him who is invisible."

His warmth of heart and frankness made him everywhere welcome and honoured, bound his friends to him in truest affection, and to the last by all who knew

him well he was deeply beloved. A young minister going to his first mission received from him his travelling expenses and turned away; Mr. Robinson called him back, and taking him by the hand, addressed to him such words of encouragement and counsel and benediction that that act and those words bound his heart with an inspiration for his whole life. Visiting a mission he found the minister in financial embarrassment, a family of growing boys without books and school privileges. A few days after that family was gladdened by a large box of books and other things which brought joy and brightness to the home. In a character such as that of Father Robinson's there seems to be such a blending of the best qualities that it is hard to say which predominated, but his broad-minded charity may be singled out as most conspicuous.

It was never safe in his presence to utter a word against the character or motives of any person or sect. He had a sense of brotherliness with all his fellow creatures. One of his children remembers a striking instance of this which occurred in Liverpool. A man came to the door begging. Mr. Robinson meeting him said, "I cannot help you, I am a poor man, sir, like yourself." True enough, at that time, but the sympathetic tone and the respectful "sir" to this mendicant seemed to be the highest kind of gift.

The same clearness, freshness, and originality that characterized Mr. Robinson's preaching, appeared in his editorial work. This gave not only a finish and polish to his sentences, but a strength to his arguments. Loyalty to the Church, to Methodist doctrines, Methodist institutions and usages characterized his writing. His courage to rebuke public wrong, and uphold law and order was recognized by his readers. An honoured minister says that by chance he saw a copy of The Evangelical Witness, and recognizing the force and ability of the editorials, at once became a subscriber; subsequently he became a member of the Church and then a minister, largely through the influence of Mr. Robinson's writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson suffered a great bereavement in the death of their son Willie, a bright and promising young man, suddenly snatched from them on the threshold of active life. None who heard Mr. Robinson's memorial sermon on the death of his beloved boy will ever forget it. His text was: "And the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship, and so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land." It was a pathetic, but triumphant appeal from the transitoriness of things earthly to the abiding nature of things heavenly and eternal.

We have spoken of Father Robinson's liberal sentiments as to church government. He was no less so in his attitude towards other denominations. He was always gladly heard by congregations outside of his own Church. After his superannuation, during a change of ministers in the Congregational Church in London, Ont., he occupied their pulpit for three months with the utmost acceptability, making for himself many warm friends among them. The same thing occurred in Knox Presbyterian Church, London, Ont., where for some weeks, to the satisfaction of the congregation, he ministered to them. He ever preached Christ above all churches and creeds, his highest aim being to win souls to Him.

Yet no man was ever more loyal to the Church to which he had given his life. During the lamentable agitation of the Church in England by Joseph Barker, Mr.

Robinson stood as a stalwart defender of the doctrines and usages of Methodism. He issued appeals to the people, urging them to remain steadfast in the faith, and loyal to the institutions of the Church, and it was largely through his great influence that a disruption was avoided.

In 1870 he was appointed by the English Conference as editor of the New Connexion Magazine, and manager of the publishing interests in London. For this purpose he returned to England and continued in that office for four years. In 1872 he was elected President of the English Conference.

His second appointment to Canada in 1874 was made in view of the union movement then progressing between the Wesleyan and New Connexion Churches in Canada. It was understood in England that a large number of the members and ministers of the New Connexion would not go into the union if effected. The parent society felt it to be a duty to care for these, and sent Mr. Robinson to co-operate with the Superintendent then in Canada. When the final vote was taken, it was seen that it would be a hopeless and unseemly task to maintain a distinct denomination. These views were presented to the English Conference, their consent was asked and obtained for the union which in September, 1874, became an accomplished fact. Mr. Robinson found his sympathies and habits with those where he had laboured for a life-time, and concluded to spend the remainder of his days in Canada as a minister of the united Church.

It is to be regretted that he never committed to writing any incidents of his life; had he done so with regard to his early Canadian experiences, it would have made a volume of rare interest, besides being a valuable contribution to the history of Methodism in this country. He seems to have had the thought of an autobiography in his mind. To a friend he wrote, "I am doing the work of two men, too much travelling, too much brain work and anxiety. I have to correspond with nearly one hundred brethren. I write every year for the papers as much as would fill an octavo volume, and yet who will ever see it when I am dead? I must write my own memoir or nobody else ever will, for this reason: I belong to two countries, and the one will have forgotten me, and the other will only partially know me."

Mr. Robinson resided for several years before his death at Ottawa with his daughter, Mrs. Saunders, wife of Professor Saunders, the director of the Dominion Experimental Farms.* He was happy and contented, and grateful to those who ministered to his comfort. He loved to talk of old friends in Toronto, London, Hamilton, and Montreal. He spoke lovingly of brethren now in the field, and reverently of many who have been translated into Day, as Dr. Douglas, Dr. John A. Williams, Dr. Rice, David Savage, William McClure, Samuel B. Gundy, and many others who were his companions and fellow labourers in the Lord.

Patiently and cheerfully his last days passed away, relieved by the society of a few members of his family, and occasionally a visit from other loved friends. He de-

* Another daughter is the wife of Rev. J. T. Pitcher, who writes these notes. Another is Mrs. A. G. McMechan, of London, Ont., whose addresses, as the representative of the Woman's Missionary Society, recall much of the manner of her distinguished father. A son resides in Sheffield, England, who is most active in many departments of Christian effort, and is a local preacher of great acceptability.

lighted in conversation and being read to; often would he break out in snatches of some old familiar hymn, which, with the Psalms of David, were always precious to his soul. Tennyson's last hymn seems particularly applicable to his case, and he often repeated it with a little prompting when memory failed.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar."

Stanstead, Que.

THE GAIN OF WASTE.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, D.D.,

General Secretary of Missions of the Methodist Church.

"To what purpose hath this waste of the ointment been made?"—Mark xiv. 4. (R.V.)

II.

In this Ministry apparent loss is often the truest gain.

Many people deceive themselves with the false and misleading notion that whatsoever is hoarded, be it wealth or service, is saved, and that whatsoever is dispersed abroad is lost. Even nature teaches better than that. The untrained eye, no less than the sceptical mind, sees everywhere evidences of prodigal waste, and thinks it would be easy to plan the universe so as to effect an enormous saving. But there is another question which must first be settled, namely, what is "waste," and what is "saving"? What if it should turn out that in this, as in other matters, God's thoughts are not our thoughts? What if the Master's paradox, "Whosoever would save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospel's, shall save it," should prove true? Here we have a complete reversal of human maxims, and this may be only a hint of what is true all through the universe. The clouds, whose chief mission is to "drop down fatness," seem to waste much of their liquid treasures on desert places, and sterile mountain heights, and on ocean's wide expanse. But even that which falls upon the ocean may be but one of God's ways of laying up the deep in storehouses,—a vast reservoir to draw upon in time of need, to turn "the parched ground" into "a pool, and the thirsty land" into "springs of water." The copious showers that fall upon rocky mountain heights fulfil their own peculiar functions by disintegrating the softer particles and carrying them down to distant valleys to refresh the "pastures" that "are covered over with flocks," and to enrich the soil that brings forth food for man and beast. And even that which falls upon stony deserts may have a yet higher ministry, preaching evermore to man the solemn truth that "the earth that drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God; but that which beareth thorns and briers is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned."

Behold, again, the sun in the heavens, the source of light and heat, perhaps of something more, to our planetary system. Much of its light and heat fall, like the rain, upon sandy deserts where there are few germs to quicken, and but little life to nourish. Are they, therefore, wasted? By no means. The intense heat reflected from the parched ground is that which stirs the atmosphere, the heated air rising, the cold rushing in to supply its place, producing those winds which prevent stagnation and consequent corruption. But for these the atmosphere would become a pest house, filled with the germs of disease and death. In far distant geologic ages the sun's heat fell upon rank vegetation, and was absorbed by each plant as its daily food, and when to-day we gather around our hearthstones in the light and warmth of a glowing fire, we are but basking in the light and heat of the sun which fell so copiously upon the earth millions of years ago, and was stored up in the coal measures to come forth when needed by man for whom it was prepared. And even the light and heat which seem to be utterly wasted in the long journey from the sun, may be fulfilling some ministry in the vast inter-stellar and inter-planetary spaces that as yet we do not understand. But of this we may rest assured, that not one beam of light or wave of heat is ever wasted, but each fulfils its appointed mission, obedient to a law divine.

As we approach and enter the domain of life, the same principle holds good—apparent waste but real gain. Everywhere there is change from growth to decay and growth again, like the swing of a mighty pendulum. Seeds of plants and animal germs are produced with a profusion that is bewildering, but perhaps not one in ten thousand—in some cases not one in a million—reaches maturity, or fulfils the allotted span of its kind.

"Are God and nature then at strife,
That nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.

"So careful of the type? But no,
From scarpèd cliff and quarried stone
She cries, a thousand types are gone,
I care for nothing—all shall go."

All this seems like prodigal waste; but he who judges by the sweep of countless cycles, not by the glimpses of a passing moment, sees with ever-growing clearness that

"Through the ages
One increasing purpose runs."

The individual dies, the race advances. Lower forms fulfil their design and disappear, higher forms are perpetuated and advance toward perfection,

"And God fulfils Himself in many ways."

What the purpose of all this is we may not clearly see, but it seems to show that all things move toward a goal that is yet out of sight, and there may be more truth than we wot of in the poet's "larger hope,"

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made His pile complete."

As we ascend yet higher in the scale, and reach the sphere of human affections and relationships, the evidences of what seems to be prodigal waste meet us at every turn. Affections are placed upon unworthy objects, and sore disappointments ensue. The mother asks in piteous accents, "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" or the father laments with bitter cry, "O Absalom, my son, my son!" Or if no such blight has come upon the home, if parental love is

more than satisfied with the loving obedience of son and daughter, yet even into such a home the Silent Messenger enters, and one by one they fall away from the parent stem like flowers that are smitten by untimely frosts. Then is the time when, if ever, the question of Judas forces itself from the heart to the lip, not prompted like his by a covetous spirit, but wrung from the heart by sorest anguish, "To what purpose hath this waste of the ointment been made?" If at such a time our view is bounded by the things of this life, we shall find no answer to our question but a mocking silence, as though the universe was empty and God was dead. But if it be true that beyond this life there is another; if it be true that "that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die;" if it be true that in the place which Christ has gone to prepare there shall be "no more death, neither sorrow or crying, neither shall there be any more pain," then sickness and death are not irretrievable waste, but real and eternal gain. And if, as we have seen, nothing of God's making is ever wasted, but fulfils its purpose, though sometimes in a way that we cannot see, so may the love that seems to be wasted be yet transmuted by God's grace into richest gain, when the design and outcome of our disappointments are fully revealed.

If we might go yet a step further in this line of thought, and contemplate the vast expenditure of the finest fibre of life in the atoning work of Jesus the Christ, we shall have the most striking illustration in the history of the universe of apparent waste, but of real gain. To understand this we must call to mind the infinite descent of the incarnation, the antipodal extremes implied in the fact that He who "was rich" in the uncreated glory of Godhead, for our "sakes became poor" in the limitations of human existence; we must remember the loneliness of the life, the failure of human friendships, the agony of Gethsemane, the anguish of Calvary; and when at last the grave closes over what seems to be mistake and failure of the direst kind, then ask if you will, "To what purpose hath this waste of the ointment been made?" But, thank God, you shall not go without an answer. Ten thousand voices will be swift to give reply. From prophecy and miracle, from saint and martyr, from angel and seraph, and from "the spirits of just men made perfect," there will be a chorus of consenting testimony. "To what purpose," didst thou say? That man might be redeemed and God glorified, that sin might be forgiven and human souls renewed in the image of God; that wandering prodigals might be reconciled and sinful hearts made clean; that the veil might be rent and the way into the holiest made plain; that you and I might be lifted "out of the horrible pit and the miry clay," and be taught the new song of deliverance; that death might be vanquished and the gloom of the grave be banished forever; that life and immortality might be brought to light, and that our departing ones might, like Stephen, "see heaven opened, and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God." These were some of the purposes for which the waste of the ointment was made; but when from the commanding heights of the life to come we see the complete results of the great atonement, we all shall feel and say that such waste was measureless and eternal gain.

And if in the economy of nature, in the sphere of human affections and relationships, and in the mystery of atonement itself, it is true

that giving is not waste, we may safely anticipate that the same principle will hold good in service and suffering for Christ. All along the line we shall find examples of what seems to be a prodigal waste of devotion, of zeal, of suffering patiently and even cheerfully endured. The world's verdict has always been that such men and women are but enthusiasts at the best, sadly lacking in practical common sense; but already this verdict is being surely, if slowly, reversed, and it is dawning upon the minds of even worldly men that grubbing in the earth for things that perish in the using may not be the highest wisdom; that Paul, suffering "the loss of all things that" he might "win Christ," an exile from home and country, in peril of shipwreck, of robbers, of false brethren, beaten, stoned, imprisoned, and dying the martyr's cruel death, may have been wiser in his choice than those who secure immunity from present suffering by compromising conscience and truth; that Livingstone, penetrating the jungles of Africa, among savage beasts and still more savage men, in hunger and nakedness, scorched with tropic heat, blistered with poisonous dews, consumed with burning fever, and at last dying in his little hut, unfriended and alone, was not, after all, the fool that some judged him to be. And when in the not distant future Ethiopia, that now stretches out her hands unto God, shall stand forth a regenerated continent, redeemed from the curse of slavery, and from the blight of heathen superstition and Moslem despotism, the world will see that he who gave his life for the redemption of Africa was wiser than they who preferred a life of security and ease. Even now there are many who perceive that the precious ointment was not wasted, for already its odour is sweet throughout the world.

If any one should ask for yet other modern instances, we shall find them in some of those devoted women who have given their lives to the work of foreign missions; and perhaps no one exemplifies the teaching of this gospel story in a more marked degree than that noted pioneer in the work, Mrs. Ann Hasseltine Judson. She was one of the first, if not the very first, of those Christian women who have gone as messengers of the Gospel to the women of heathen lands, and her life furnishes one of the most striking records of privation and suffering for Christ's sake, to be found in modern times. Born more than a hundred years ago, when the duty of sending the Gospel to the heathen was apprehended by very few, even among the more decided Christians of that day, there were none of those elements of romance which now surround the work of foreign missions to stimulate the enthusiasm of an ardent temperament. It was regarded as a desperate venture at the best, and its devotees were veritable leaders of a forlorn hope. As they went out there was no expectation of a triumphant return, in a few short years, to be extolled by the newspapers, and lionized by the Churches. As they went forth in the face of the remonstrance "To what purpose is this waste?" so they were likely to return, if at all, only to receive scant recognition, to be chilled by the apathy of a Church that had not yet risen to a conception of its responsibility, and perhaps even to have their motives questioned by worldly-minded professors who themselves knew nothing of the constraining love of Christ. Women who at such a time, and under such circumstances, gave themselves to the work, must have

been prompted by some higher motive than ambition, and sustained by some stronger influence than romance.

Mrs. Judson, we are told, was distinguished from her earliest years by activity of mind, extreme gaiety, relish for social amusements, unusually ardent feelings, a spirit of enterprise, and indefatigable perseverance. These were qualities which would have constituted her a leader in society, and which, when transformed by Divine grace, qualified her no less to be a leader and heroine in the mission field. In early womanhood a clear and decided conversion turned her activities into new channels, where they found scope in whatever Christian service came next to hand. When about twenty years of age the "Life of David Brainerd" turned her thoughts to the condition of the heathen world, but it was her marriage to Mr. Judson that finally determined her career. In association with three other students at Andover, he had resolved to engage in foreign missionary work if Providence should open the way. In Miss Hasseltine's case the choice was made doubly difficult, because it was linked with the idea of spending her life for Christ in heathen lands, and up to that moment no woman had ever left American shores to engage in mission work. It takes strong faith to be a pioneer. The path at that time was inconceivably harder and darker than now. The novelty is worn off in these days, it is true, but so is the risk, and to-day unmarried women can fearlessly go where their married sisters at first trod with timid and hesitating feet. And still further difficulty arose from adverse opinion among her friends. One lady said, "I hear Miss Hasseltine is going to India. Why does she go?" "Because," said the one addressed, "she thinks it to be her duty. Would not you go if you thought it to be your duty?" "Yes," replied the other, "but I would not think it my duty." However, the decision was made, and on the 19th of February, 1812, the newly wedded pair sailed for Calcutta, a voyage that occupied four long months.

Their first lessons were in the school of patience. The East India Company were hostile to missions, and the Judsons were ordered to return to America. After many difficulties they were permitted to take passage to the Isle of France. In the following year they reached Madras, and finding a ship bound for Rangoon, in Burmah, they took passage, and so by a strange succession of providences they found themselves, after many reverses, in the very country to which they had first been sent. After six months' residence, Mrs. Judson's health gave way, requiring months of absence in Madras. Two months later her first-born child died, and was laid in the grave in a strange land. At the end of four months, Mr. Judson's health broke down, and he was compelled to go on a long journey, leaving Mrs. Judson behind him. Contrary winds took him far out of his course, and he was detained until July of the following year, being unable to send any word to his wife, who for six months endured in her loneliness all the agonies of suspense. Persecution broke out, and it seemed as though the missionaries must leave the country. Another missionary and his wife took passage for Bengal, and entreated Mrs. Judson to accompany them. She consented at first, but at the last moment resolved to remain, although menaced by dangers on every hand. A few days later, to her unspeakable joy, Mr. Judson returned.

After this they worked and

prayed and waited, but not until 1819, six years after they reached Rangoon, was the first convert baptized. Again Mrs. Judson's health gave way. Cholera and fever were persistent foes, and as there seemed to be no chance of recovery in Eastern climes, it was decided that she should visit America. A few weeks in England, and then on to her early home. The doctors agreed that she could not expect to live if she returned to Burmah. Her illness increased, and it was doubtful if she would recover sufficiently for the ocean voyage; but she persisted in her purpose, and in 1823 she arrived again in Rangoon. In the meantime difficulties were gathering around the infant mission. The prospect of war with England was daily increasing, and the Judsons with another missionary were ordered by the Emperor to proceed to Ava, several hundred miles up the river, where they found themselves in the very focus of danger. Almost immediately after reaching Ava their afflictions began. Mr. Judson was seized, bound tightly with small cords, inflicting the greatest torture, and dragged off his wife knew not whither. A guard of ten ruffianly men were set over the house, and Mrs. Judson was accused of supposed complicity with the English foreigners. By earnest entreaty and large rewards to the officials she at last obtained permission to have one short interview with her husband, but when he crawled to the door of his prison and began to give directions as to her efforts for his release, the gaolers drove her away with threats of personal violence.

The Burmese officials next visited the mission house and took possession of all it contained, leaving only books, medicine, and clothing. Providentially Mrs. Judson had warning of what was coming, and secreted what money she had, and thus saved herself and the imprisoned missionaries from starvation. Daily she carried food to the prison, which was two miles away, and this went on for seven months, until courage and resources alike were almost gone. Added to this was the terrible thought of the future, for she expected nothing else but that her husband would suffer a violent death, and that she would drag out a short, but miserable existence as a slave. But worse was yet to come. One morning, while ill with fever, Mr. Judson and other white prisoners were driven on foot and bareheaded, under a burning sun, to a place eight or ten miles distant. Finding through a servant where they had been taken, Mrs. Judson, nothing daunted, followed with her babe in her arms. She found her husband and his companions chained in couples in fetters, and almost dead from fever, exhaustion, and want. Here in one little filthy room, she remained for six wretched months. The prisoners were confined in an old shattered building without a roof, and the rumour went forth that they were to be burnt alive. The exhaustion, hardships, and anxieties laid Mrs. Johnson low with the malignant spotted fever, and but for the ministrations of a faithful Bengali cook, she would have died. Finally, however, Mr. Judson was released, and ordered to the Burmese camp, to act as translator and interpreter in negotiations with the English general. All the prisoners were received in the English camp, and treated with every mark of respect. During the negotiations Mrs. Judson lay ill, and was so far gone that the Burmese women, watching beside her, said, "She is dead." She rallied at last, but it was more than a month before she could stand. In the beginning of May the Jud-

sons moved to a city under British protection, and resumed their work. In July, Mr. Judson was summoned away to aid in negotiating a secondary treaty, which was to secure toleration for Christianity, and establish peace on a firm basis. After his departure Mrs. Judson was again seized with malignant fever, and although the English doctor did everything in his power to relieve her sufferings, she sank rapidly, and before her husband's return she was laid in the grave.

Do you ask, "To what purpose hath this waste of the ointment been made?" Go, ask the souls that were won to Christ by this woman's gentle ministry; ask the more than one hundred thousand converts that have been brought out of Burmah's heathen darkness by those who have followed her in the work; ask the hundreds of heroic women who, inspired by her heroic example, have since given themselves to Christ's service in the foreign field; ask the spirit of the saintly woman herself, who gave her life for the redemption of Burmah; above all, ask Him who watches over his suffering saints, putting their tears into His bottle and writing their story in His book; and with one voice they will answer, "There was no waste; all was real and blessed gain."

"Forever the sun is pouring its gold
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow;
To withhold his largess of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night.
To give
Is to live.

"The flower blooms not for itself at all,
Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses;
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,
And it lives on the perfume it freely loses;
No choice for the rose but glory or doom,
To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom.
To deny
Is to die.

"The seas lend silvery rains to the land,
The land its sapphire streams to the ocean;
The heart sends blood to the brain of command,
The brain to the heart its lightning motion;
And over and over we yield our breath,
Till the mirror is dry and images death.
To live
Is to give.

"He is dead whose hand is not open wide
To help the need of a human brother;
He doubles the length of his life-long ride
Who gives his fortunate place to another;
And a thousand million lives are his
Who carries the world in his sympathies.
To deny
Is to die."

THE GOOD SHEPHERD WITH THE KID.

"He saves the sheep, the goats He doth not save."
So rang Tertullian's sentence, on the side
Of that unpitying Phrygian sect which cried:
"Him can no fount of fresh forgiveness lave,
Who sins, once washed by the baptismal wave."
So spake the fierce Tertullian. But she sighed,
The infant Church! of love she felt the tide
Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave.
And then she smiled; and in the catacombs,
With eye suffused but heart inspired true,
On those walls subterranean, where she hid
Her head 'mid ignominy, death, and tombs,
She her Good Shepherd's hasty image drew—
And on His shoulders, not a lamb, a kid.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

EUGÉNIE-MARIE—EX-EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

BY H. HÉLOISE DUPUIS.

EUGENIE-MARIE— EX-EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

"O Love! O loss! no use tired hands
To stretch across the fading sands;
They are not there—the gifts that lay
In the white arms of yesterday."

Of the four women in Europe who have stood in that "fierce light which beats upon a throne," and who to-day wear no royal robes, sway no sceptres, and press no coronets upon their brows, the fate of only one, that of Carlotta, widow of Maximilian, the few days Emperor of Mexico, is sadder and more to be pitied than that of the subject of this sketch.

To both Isabella of Spain, and the dowager Empress Frederick of Germany, does the sentiment of the above quatrain apply, but to neither of them so forcibly as to Eugenie—one time Empress of the French — yesterday a queen, charming and beloved, gay and thoughtless, a leader and a power, flattered, feted, feared—to-day, an exiled, widowed, childless woman, —solemn and austere, with beauty fled, power gone, and adding years with their companions, pain and memory, ever present. Ah,

Eugenie ! well hast thou proved the truth,

"The poet sings
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

The mother of the Empress was the daughter of a Mr. Kirkpatrick, American consul at Malaga, and closely related to the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn. She was a woman of more than ordinary talent and beauty, which seemed to have become the heritage of her youngest daughter, Eugenie. She married one of the grandees of Spain, Count Leba, afterwards Count de Montijo. The Count was of noble descent, the blood of kings flowing through his veins, for besides being a scion of the ancient house of Guzman, he was a nephew of Alphonse X. When the never-ceasing emnity of the Faubourg St. Germain would press too heavily on Eugenie, she would exclaim : "Surely the 'Royal House' or the 'blue blood' of Spain is worth something !" The Count de Montijo had fought with great honour under Napoleon Bonaparte, of whom he was a great admirer, and had imbued the minds of his children with an equal admiration for everything Napoleonic. To his tales, Eugenie, the youngest, would listen breathlessly, and would beseech the tutor who came to read to them in the evenings, to tell more stories about Napoleon.

As she grew older, her enthusiasm for the Napoleonic legends suffered no abatement. The story is told, that at the time of the coup d' etat, she wrote secretly to the Count Bacciocchi, a friend of her mother's, placing her entire personal fortune at the disposal of the Prince President, in the event of a reverse. This of itself speaks her impulsive nature, and her lasting admiration for and belief in the fortunes of the Bonapartes.

The hearts of men, be they kings or commoners, are ever at the mercy of a beautiful face, and Napoleon was no exception to the rule. It is the inimitable La Fontaine who says : "Love! love! when you have us in your grasp it is time to bid farewell to prudence." After Eugenie's training, it is small wonder that, when she saw the admiration she had evoked in the breast of Napoleon, she should try and deepen that first impression with all the charms of person and mind, which she so fully possessed, and which she knew so well how to use to the best advantage. After all, is it not what is being done every day? A species of flattery against which no man is impervious.

Mlle. de Montijo was conceded by all to be the belle of the Elysee and Tuileries, even as she had been the centre of admiration in London circles; queenly in face, and grace of manner, like her predecessor, who exerted such an influence over the destinies of France—Anne of Austria—she had that beautiful shade of hair which such painters as Titian and Hemer loved to portray. Prosper Merimee, in one of his letters, describes her as "very tall, very fair, extremely beautiful, with hair that Titian loved." Indeed her grace, her wit and beauty, were such that even her enemies were forced to acknowledge them. Beautiful as a vision she must have been on the eve of her wedding day, as clad in a robe of Alencon point, and wearing the girdle of diamonds and sapphires which had once belonged to Marie Louise, wife of Napoleon I., she glided up the long room with that grace of movement so characteristic of the Spanish nation, the diamonds in her beautiful tresses and on her bosom sparkling at every step, as she moved forward to sign the marriage contract.

The news of Napoleon's betrothal was a "nine days' wonder," not only to his intimate friends and relatives, but to the various courts of Europe as well, which, while he was only Prince President, did not desire him for a near relative, but now that he held in his hands two coronets, one for himself, and one for his chosen consort, were willing to admit him to membership in the family. But Napoleon thought differently. His announcement of the choice he had made was a masterpiece of Napoleonic craft, tact, and discernment. In the half excuse with which he apologized for marrying a gentlewoman, he referred to the career of Napoleon Bonaparte, to his grandmother, the creole Josephine, then to his own career, to his liberal principles, and his desire to be as near the people as possible. In so doing he united himself more closely to the people than ever, and the unroyal Spaniard was the most popular sovereign they ever had. This popularity was brightened by her first act, that of devoting the money which the Municipal Council of the Seine had voted to purchase for her a diamond necklace, to the foundation and maintenance of an orphan asylum for girls.

On the eve of her marriage she wrote to the Prefect of the Seine as follows: "I am touched by the generous decision of the Municipal Council, who thus manifest their sympathetic adhesion to the union which the Emperor is about to contract. It is painful to me, nevertheless, to think that the first public act connected with my name at the moment of my marriage, should be a heavy burden for the city of Paris. Permit me then, to decline your gift, flattering as it is. You will make me happier by devoting to charity the sum you had fixed for the purchase of the necklace, which the Municipal Council desired to offer me. I do not wish my marriage to be the occasion of any new burden for the country to which I henceforth belong. My only ambition is to share with the Emperor the love and esteem of the French people."

On his acceptance of the crown, Napoleon, though a man of the simplest habits, formed an extensive coterie of officers and servants, thinking thereby to please the people, and to dignify his court in the eyes of the other nations. When he placed the second crown on Eugenie's brow, she, fully concurring in his idea, made the court over which she presided the most splendid of her time. In magnificence and luxury it excelled that of the first empire, and threw in shadow any displays of the European courts, or of Great Britain. She helped Napoleon maintain his position, and played her part right royally. She accompanied the Emperor on his tours through the country, gaining new popularity at every step, by her winsomeness and graciousness of manner. She represented him at the opening of the Suez Canal, when the magnificence of her travelling appointments, her great beauty, and her never-failing tact, which made her every word and act worthy of the part she played, won for her golden opinions. She must have been a source of wonder to the magnates of the East, who keep their women secluded from view—and they must have been greatly puzzled as to the sort of a man the ruler of the French could be, to allow to venture so far from home, without even one eunuch to stand guard, a possession fairer than any beauty in their harems.

At the Paris Exposition of 1867 she again shone resplendent, winning the admiration of the royal visitors—Napoleon and she wel-

coming among others, the King of Prussia and his ambassador, Bismarck, whose prisoner guest the Emperor was destined to be at their next meeting, and whose victories and arms dethroned the fair woman who so graciously welcomed them to France that day.

In the world of fashion Eugenie's whim became law. The various courts of Europe adopted her mode of dressing, and even her ever-abiding enemies, the residents of the Faubourg St. Germain, in order to be dressed up-to-date, were glad to wear their tresses and fashion their garments a l'Eugenie. Yet the Empress had the most rigid ideas of economy. She examined with great exactness the accounts which she made the ladies of her suite give her of her private affairs, allowing no bill to be paid until she had gone into it in detail. For herself she was elegant but simple in her tastes. The luxuries, of which we hear so often as being in vogue in the time of the Second Empire, were chiefly in her surroundings. Indeed, so simple was she in the matter of her own costumes, that many a time Napoleon, who loved to see her, as all men love to see the women of their choice, well dressed, had to expostulate with her on this score.

Nor did she neglect the sick and suffering. At hospitals she was a frequent visitor, especially in time of plague, while the soldiers of the Italian and Crimean wars were her particular care.

At first the older royalties held aloof from the new sovereigns, but after awhile, that is to say, after their visit to England, where they were warmly welcomed—Queen Victoria embracing the Empress, and bestowing the Order of the Garter on Napoleon—and when the English sovereign returned the visit, then the European courts followed suit, and recognized them as equals. This was the time of Eugenie's greatest triumph, when men and women of highest rank and noblest families, were more than willing—were anxious and eager to be seen at the French Court.

Eugenie had not been brought up under the strict regime of a court etiquette, and it would seem, as a consequence, that questions of social and court etiquette, did not concern the habituees of the Tuileries to any great extent. It was not until after her visit to Windsor that Eugenie realized the necessity of having certain fixed principles and rules to govern her conduct in keeping with the conventionalities demanded by her high position. Though the old aristocracy held aloof, old titles were revived and new ones conferred, while foreigners of note were made welcome at the Tuileries. For nearly eighteen years all went "merry as a marriage bell."

Eugenie would like to have spent a great many evenings with some of her most congenial friends, notably the family of the Duchess de la Pagerie, but etiquette barred her way. She found, as did her English sister, Victoria, that the very fact of her being the head of the nation, prevented her from doing just as she pleased, and she had to learn that restraint for which her former life of liberty had little fitted her. She found that no preferences could be shown, and that she could only visit these friends when some very good reason justified her. One of the rules of court etiquette was, that after adjourning from the dining hall to the salon, all should remain standing while the Emperor was with them. For the ladies, however, this was not a hard task, for almost immediately, Napoleon, always considerate, would bid them seat themselves.

It was on the courtiers the burden of the evening fell, for they were obliged to remain on their feet so long as the Empress remained in the room. When she retired, which she usually did about eleven o'clock, as the last tip of her gown disappeared from the room, a general sigh of relief arose from the bosoms of the gallants, and each fell with a delight, bordering on pathos, into the nearest seat.

The three nationalities which were represented in the person of the Empress Eugenie, gave, each of them, its quota to her general character. From her grandfather, the American consul, she inherited the impulsiveness and good nature of the Irish race. The Scotch element, the dower of her grandmother, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, showed itself in her, at times, practical, almost prosaic manner, and in a natural hardness, which shone forth most distinctly in her treatment of her son. From her father she inherited all the whimsical, sentimental, and romantic characteristics of her Spanish nature. For her whims there was no accounting. Even in the servants' hall a common expression was: "One of the Empress' whims!" Her nature went out spontaneously to those who attracted her, and for the time she was sincere in her protestations, but as if following an impulse beyond her control, a word or gesture would turn her attention away, leaving them to question the why of it, and causing many a heartburn.

Like many another beautiful woman, the Empress loved to receive homage, but her frankness and charm of manner were such, that ofttimes the recipient of her smiles found himself deep in the toils of something stronger than admiration and more subtle than friendship, while the practical traits of her own character would never permit her to go beyond the bounds of the purely platonic.

She had a prodigious memory. She was an unconscious actress, but an actress all the same, and as a "raconteur" she was simply unsurpassable. When she undertook to give an account of a book she had read, of a play she had seen, or of an incident which happened to come under her notice, not a character escaped her, not a single note of the major or minor key in which it was played, while her descriptions were so graphic and realistic, that one would fancy oneself an eye-witness of the scene.

In art she was more than a connoisseur, and lost no opportunity of showing her interest in art or literature. When plans were asked for the Grand Opera House, Eugenie drew one, but her lack of knowledge of the details of architecture obliged her to employ an architect to fill in the plan, which, when completed, she submitted to the committee, under an assumed name. Nor was it devoid of merit, even though it was not accepted.

A devout and strict Roman Catholic, her religion was a sad mixture of faith and superstition, passing quickly from the serious to the trivial. The culminating point of her religion was her one strong desire in the political world, that the temporal power of the Pope might be established on a firm basis.

All through her life the Empress showed an enthusiasm for everything English, which, however, is not wonderfully surprising when one remembers that from Queen Victoria only, of all her royal contemporaries, did she receive anything like a sisterly affection. This friendship, which began with Eugenie's visit to England, which was cemented when the Prince Consort and the Queen visited the

Tuileries, has survived through all the vicissitudes of Eugenie's troubled life.

It has always seemed to me an impossible state to allow oneself to get into, that of being so wearied with oneself, so dependent on others for amusement, so utterly at a loss for something reasonable and profitable to do, that the passing of the days would prove a heavy burden on one's hands, especially in one occupying an exalted position, who could have at her finger tips many a worthy object, or objects, to fill one's time. But it was not so with Eugenie. "Ennui" was the bete-noir of her life in the Tuileries. She found, to quote Byron,

> "Society one polished horde
> Formed of two mighty tribes—the Bores and Bored."

She herself belonging to the army of the Bored, and her great aim seemed to be to rid herself of this veritable "old man of the sea," and to banish him forever from her court. To this end she tried every new attraction that presented itself. At one time it was spiritualism, at another to spend a night in the camp with the Emperor—which she did in spite of all protests, sleeping in a tent, with an umbrella over her head to keep off the rain. Even when she entered the arena of politics it was to find a new diversion.

Anyone who would play the part of a Scheherezade she received with open arms. Among these was a Mme. de Metternich, wife of the Austrian ambassador, a witty, clever, woman, who entertained the most exalted opinion of herself,—audacious beyond expression, malicious in spirit, sparing none, with but little respect for the French Court, which she took no pains to conceal, and entertaining for the Empress a most unkind and treacherous friendship, ever aiming to have her do some act which would either make her ridiculous, or call forth unkind remarks. Mme. de Metternich was the evil genius of the Imperial Court. It was she who tried in every way to bring Eugenie into disrespect in the eyes of the public, and who succeeded by her laxity of conduct, her contemptuous speech, her carelessness of thought and action, in bringing discredit on the Court of the Second Empire. Yet Eugenie, in her mad chase for amusement, looked no deeper than the surface, and made a woman of this stamp her friend.

The Emperor, however, was not blinded by the show of sympathy and affection. He saw beyond the surface, but his remonstrances fell on unheeding ears. It seemed as if the slights of the Faubourg St. Germain piqued and drove the Empress to an opposite extreme, and, influenced by her false friend, she unwisely allowed undignified and sometimes questionable entertainments to be given at the Tuileries. Indiscreet she was, but she was devoted and true to her husband in every particular; would that the same could be said of him.

In the death of her sister, the Duchess of Alva, Eugenie lost her best friend and adviser. The Duchess seemed to have exerted a quieting and soothing influence over the more impulsive character of her sister. At her death the Empress gave way to paroxysms of grief, which were supposed to be due to the loss of so great a friend, but court life cannot be lived behind closed doors, and the world knew that, although Eugenie never suffered any lack of courteousness on the part of the Emperor, if Napoleon would pay less attention to other court beauties, his wife's grief would be of much shorter duration.

Three reasons at this time in-

fluenced the Emperor and his councillors to encourage the Empress in the interest she was beginning to take in questions political. She had shown great ability during her regency of 1859, and they did not know how soon she might be called upon to act in the same capacity again. They thought also, that by initiating her into public affairs, it would rid her, by diverting her thoughts into new channels, of the burden of monotony which seemed to overpower her ; and, last, that in so doing it would remove the stigma of utter frivolity which was becoming synonymous with the name of Eugenie.

It was a proud day for the young Empress when she was introduced to the Council, but an unhappy day for France, when she became, as she afterwards did, passionately interested in politics.

She was altogether too vehement in the expression of her views, and too impulsive in the forming of them, to make a good politician. She was too easily influenced by those she considered her friends, among whom were the De Metternichs and Mr. Nigra, while there was not enough deceit in her own constitution to understand intrigue. She was easily flattered, indeed the very fact that she was admitted to the councils of the Ministers of the State appealed to her vanity, for was not she the only woman in all Europe whose voice was heard in the councils of their country ! This, combined with the encouragement of her flatterers, gave her an assurance which otherwise she would never have possessed. The flatterers, mostly foreigners, sought to promulgate their own views, by winning the Empress to espouse them as hers, and her obstinacy when once she had adopted a line of action shone out supreme.

In home politics she rather tended to a neutral position, her influence being felt more in the country's foreign affairs. She was very much opposed to anything like a liberal policy, and was ever at loggerheads with Napoleon, on account of his liberal tendencies. An ardent Romanist, the question of the temporal power of the Pope was to her of more interest than any home policy. The very idea that some day the Holy Father might become the subject of the King of Italy, caused her no little trouble. In fact she so worried and harassed the Emperor on this point, that he was obliged to write, outlining his own plans.

Even in politics the romantic tendencies of the Empress found scope. When the question of forming an empire in Mexico was broached, she espoused it with much ardour, clothing it, in her mind, with all the glory and charm of romance. In her views she was abetted by the De Metternichs, Mr. Hidalgo and some others, who made her their tool. Her own visions of romantic heroism, and her dislike to the Mexicans, upon whom she looked as renegade Spaniards, but added fuel to the fire. Napoleon was backed by Pope Pius IX., whose idea was to establish a Roman hierarchy in America, the Emperor to be such in name only, the power behind the throne to be the Roman Catholic Church.

Hoping to please Austria, and to console her for the loss of her provinces, by giving her a distant empire to manage, they decided to make Maximilian, brother of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and Carlotta, his wife, the hero and heroine of this American dream. In the sending out of this devoted couple to the far away land, Eugenie and her friends saw nothing but a charming and ideal situation, while the ill-fated Maximilian, blessed by the Pope, sped

on his western journey as if going on his wedding tour. And why not? Had he not been assured and reassured that the Mexicans would receive him with open arms, nay, were even then enthusiastic over his coming. But alas, for human dreams! The little republic nobly asserted her rights, and the unfortunate prince, who had set out in high spirits, returned never more to his native shore, while the devoted wife, who crossed the seas to implore aid for her husband, was repulsed on every side.

Eugenie, sincerely pitying her sister royal, secured an audience for her, and added her own entreaties, but without avail. Home questions were of too much importance for France to do anything, no matter how willing she might have been. The Pope turned a deaf ear to his fair petitioner, and Carlotta, borne down by her extreme grief, the loss of her husband, and her utter helplessness, became hopelessly insane. So the climax of the dream which Eugenie expected to end in the lived-long-and-happy-ever-afterward style, was blurred and red with the murder of the hero, and the worse than death of the heroine.

Eugenie was extremely jealous of the influence of ministers whose views were opposed to hers, and kept them as far from the Emperor as possible. She wished her influence to be paramount. Napoleon resisted as long as he could, but continued ill-health, and that desire for peace and quietness which is always the result of physical or mental ills, obliged him to give up the struggle, and he succumbed to his wife's influence. When the war of 1870 was declared,—the war which Eugenie called "my war,"—Prince Napoleon, in the course of a stormy interview with the Emperor, remarked: "This is the Empress' influence." The Emperor smiled sadly, and said: "I shouldn't wonder, if on that point, our views coincided." The Emperor set out, full of presentiments, ill in mind and body, taking with him the young prince for his "baptism of fire," and leaving the Empress regent at the Tuileries. In the first campaign he was defeated—then the Paris mob arose, and another reign of terror dawned over France. The palace was attacked, burned, and sacked, and Eugenie fled to England, there to mourn the devastation and ruin wrought by "my war."

"As the yellow gold is tried in the fire, so the faith of friendship must be seen in adversity," says Ovid. And when the storm cloud of 1870 broke over Paris, Eugenie, forced to look beneath the surface of things, and see who could and who could not be depended upon, found only one of all her attendants, who would remain, like her shadow in the sunshine, close beside her. Only one, Mme. Le Breton, offered to accompany her into exile.

The Republic having been proclaimed, an ugly mob approached the palace,—angry murmurs, and cries of "Vive la Republique," were heard on every side. The crowd reached the palace gardens, where they made a pause to tear down the Imperial Eagles, ere rushing on to prosecute their work of destruction. Bravery was inherent in Eugenie, and when the Austrian and Italian ambassadors begged of her to save herself, she refused, scorning the idea of flight as an act of cowardice. Not until they put it to her in the light of assuring the safety of others, did she consent to leave the palace. Brave, cool, and collected, she, strange to say, bade farewell to each one present before taking her leave.

M. de Metternich had left his carriage at the main entrance, and while part of the mob was waiting for her appearance at that point, and the other half was hammering down the palace doors, Eugenie escaped by an entirely different way. The door of one of the rooms through which they had to pass was locked, and for a moment anxiety reigned supreme, but the key was found, and they reached a private exit. Eugenie, plainly dressed, and closely veiled, hastily entered a cab, hardly knowing where to go, but finally thought of an American dentist, Dr. Evans, who had been on intimate terms at the Tuileries. She reached the house in safety, and was received with every courtesy, Dr. Evans willingly accepting the task of seeing her out of Paris. They reached the northern coast of France in safety, and an English gentleman, Sir J. Burgoyne, placed his yacht at their disposal. Nor did Dr. Evans leave her till he had safely landed her in England, where she had been received as a royal guest. For some days after her arrival Eugenie heard nothing of the Emperor. Napoleon, also, was ignorant of his wife's whereabouts, for some time after the battle of Sedan, and not till he reached Belgium did he hear of her safety.

When the Emperor was released by the Germans he took a place at Chiselhurst, where he and Eugenie lived a quiet life, receiving only a few old friends. Here Queen Victoria visited them, and made them feel in every way that she was their friend. In 1872, the Emperor's health, which had been poor for years, completely gave way, and after a critical surgical operation, which failed of its purpose, in January of 1873, Napoleon passed into his long, last sleep. Queen Victoria was all sympathy, and the entire English nation showed the widowed exile every respect. It was almost a death-blow to Eugenie's ambitions and hopes, for believing as she did in the power of the Bonapartes, she might well have looked for a return to her former glory. However, she still had her son, and to him would she look for the fulfilment of her dreams for the restoration of the Bonapartes to the throne of France.

In the treatment of her son Eugenie displayed an entirely new phase of her character. Though her manner was always agreeable and pleasant, there was little tenderness in her nature. It seemed as if she had formed a romantic ideal of the Roman mother, and tried to emulate her as far as possible. She was exceptionally fearless, having inherited that spirit from a long line of brave ancestors. But she was apt to be thoughtless, and even foolhardy in the presence of danger. Once when she was out on a pleasure excursion, a tempest overtook the little steamer, which was in a sorry plight. While every one else was trembling with fear, Eugenie remained calm, passing from one to the other, reassuring them. The boat struck ground with a terrible shock, but amid all the confusion Eugenie never flinched. The pilot declared that it was only the presence of mind, the courage, and coolness of the Empress that had saved them from panic and shipwreck. This is only one of the numerous instances of her fearlessness in the midst of danger. She was determined that a like spirit should be developed in her son, and she tried to eliminate anything like softness from his character. The "petit prince," as the people fondly called him, while inheriting a good deal of his mother's spirit, fell heir also to the kind heart and manner of his father, to whom he

was devotedly attached, while Napoleon indulged him to any extent.

No doubt the Empress loved her son in her own way, and in his childhood she wisely saved him from false notions of vanity. A visitor one day attempted to kiss the hand of the young prince, a mere child at the time, but Eugenie, drawing him close to herself, said : " Nonsense, he is only a child." But if Napoleon was too indulgent, Eugenie on the other hand was too much of a disciplinarian. She never expressed any affection for him, never tried to understand him, never entered into his life, and any outburst of childish delight in her presence was immediately " squelched." When, after the death of her husband, Eugenie, meeting her son on his return from Woolwich, was moved into something like an expression of affection, threw her arms around his neck, and exclaimed : " Oh, Louis, I have only you left," who can tell what dreams of ambition floated through her mind, as she realized that before her stood her only hope of their fulfilment. Even arrived at manhood's years, Eugenie continued to exhort and lecture the young prince like a school girl, and to the end of his brief life there were no confidences, no cordiality, between them. These misunderstandings and worries, and the desire for a broader life and more freedom, influenced Louis to offer his services in the war, in which he fell.

The wheel of fate brought many changes to the beautiful Spaniard, who sat on the throne of the Bonapartes, but none so sad as the last one, which with one turn of the wheel, crushed all her hopes and dreams of restoration—the death of the Prince Imperial. It must have been an added bitterness when she thought of the lack of amity and understanding which had ever existed between them, due, in a great manner, to her own selfishness. Her friend on this occasion was again Queen Victoria, who sorrowed with her as a sister and a mother. Well might Eugenie say with Wolsey :

" Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost :
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his fruit,
And then he falls, as I do."

Verily, Eugenie has paid the penalty of the thoughtlessness she displayed in her brightest moments, and even in her days of sorrow. Her reign of beauty is over, the rounded cheek is drawn and pallid, the tresses once her pride are thin and white, the form which spoke grace with every movement, is shrunken and feeble now, while all her hopes, ambitions, and dreams, have vanished, like Shakespeare's palaces, " into air—thin air."

Never more can she publicly visit the seat of her former splendour, but she may, and does, steal there in private, to gaze upon the spot where she spent so many happy hours, or to pray in the Cathedral where she became an Emperor's bride.

In the future, when some poet shall arise who will write for us another " Dream of Fair Women," among them will be found the name of Eugenie, who queened it so royally in France for nearly eighteen years, and who lost, through her own wilfulness and folly, her husband, her son, and her crown.

Kingston.

THOSE EXCOMMUNICATED LAYMEN.

BY THE REV. W. HARRISON.

In our consideration of Christ's sublime and sovereign personality, there are few things that strike us with such impressive and startling effect as the unique and matchless originality, and the unfettered and magnificent independence which distinguished Him both in thought, speech, and in the actions of His daily life. An atmosphere of authority and power surrounded Him, which neither Judea nor Palestine can explain. Not the intellectual forces, the dominant spirit of the period, nor all the historic actualities and conditions which then prevailed can account for and explain that colossal Figure which crossed the world's horizon now nearly nineteen hundred years ago.

With an unparalleled freedom from the slavery of established custom, the powerful and venerable traditions of a remote antiquity, and all the influential and fashionable conventionalities which ruled with rigorous hand in the affairs of men, the great Teacher goes on His way, opening a new path for Himself in that sin-beleaguered age,—a path broad, firm, audacious, and grandly beneficent.

In the selection and impressive authorization of the agents who were to be specially entrusted with the proclamation of the greatest message God has even given to the universe, and their induction into a mission, far surpassing in importance all others in the history of man, we find some features which stand out in their splendid isolation from all the others.

When the great forward movement in the religious history of the world was to enter upon its divine and universal mission, we naturally look for its introduction through the avenues and instrumentalities of a system, distinguished by its centuries of sacred associations, the original plan and purpose of which were ordained by God Himself. Surely He who was to lay down the foundations of the Christian dispensation and equip it with all necessary forces for its far-reaching and transcendent work, will not ignore that imposing structure at Jerusalem, with all its array of high officials, but will link on the perfected schemes of divine mercy to the established order of things, which for fifteen hundred years has been a sublime preparation, and patient, comprehensive prediction of Christ's redeeming mission and work.

It is just here where surprises await us, and where we are compelled to witness the silent but deliberate setting aside of the whole ecclesiastical calendar of the Jewish hierarchy with all its dignity, brilliance, power, and fame. The Redeemer's repudiation of the temple authorities, with their prized credentials as religious teachers, and His selection of a few Palestine boatmen, with their provincial simplicity and rudeness, as His companions, disciples, friends, and apostles, strikes us as a policy at once novel, and as the signal of an independence so marvellous and daring that it is difficult to describe. If the adequate certificates for their office in the apostolate depended upon the springs of human authority these lowly men from Galilee would not have been able to present any warrant or authority whatever. The Scribes could boast of credentials, such as they were, which rested on a basis that

was unimpeachably historic. They were the lineal representatives of those who had been educated in the schools of the prophets, and counted with much pride each link in the chain of their succession. Their training for the sacred office had been carried on in a very thorough and elaborate manner. The order was one which commanded no little respect for its high antiquity, and also for the authority which for various reasons, surrounded these ecclesiastics of that first century.

State officialism was on the side of the Scribes and their companions, as they went forward in the religious occupations of that distant day. The gorgeous temple was a distinct power in the life of Palestine, and the civil power conferred on the reigning ecclesiastics just as much influence and authority as it was able to bestow. They were religious teachers with a deeply rooted power, and they were a society which must always be reckoned with. Public honours were heaped upon them and many of the State functions would have been strangely incomplete without their presence.

"Fashion," as some one has said, "bowed to the authority of the Scribes and set itself to maintain their influence. To spurn a publican and fawn upon a Scribe was an elementary etiquette of these times. The counsel of this favoured order was sought upon all critical occasions, and nothing remained to be said after they had once spoken."

Judged by the temple officials and representatives, the disciples of the new Teacher, just come from their nets and boats, were little more than so many upstarts strolling around the country, backed by no line of influential predecessors, without the prestige of ancient genealogy, and without the technical accomplishments and famous associations which invested the Jewish religious teachers with so much authority and power. Yet these comparatively rude Galilean fishermen, without ecclesiastical pedigree, and without the slightest claim to priestly or prophetic prerogatives, are chosen by the Son of God to be his companions, friends, disciples, and at last are specially entrusted with the most important message that the Heavenly Father has given to the world. The splendid structure on Mount Zion, with all its wealth of thrilling recollection, and all its venerable religious officialism, is deliberately passed by when the great forward movement in the history of the ages is to be inaugurated and started on its way.

This little society of laymen from the ranks of the common people is organized, and in an important sense made the trustee of treasures which are destined for the salvation of the individual, the social and moral redemption of earth's pagan myriads and the final and universal enlightenment and enrichment of the world. What a charming naturalness there is about that band of democratic disciples of the Lord and Saviour of man! When we push aside the transforming spell of centuries of appreciation which these unmitred men have commanded, it is truly refreshing to look upon them moving among the stern, hard actualities of their daily life. There they stand, these genial brother-men, in the first blush of a great glad morning which has begun to brighten their ordinary and toil-stained existence, and give new, victorious wings and energy to their best aspirations and hopes. From the first days of their attachment to the great Teacher we find them in distinct revolt against priestly organization and priestly craft and assumption of every form.

The Pharisee, bred in clerical exclusiveness and intolerance, the great officers of the temple, with their bitter caste jealousy and contempt of the common people, and the Scribe, with his egotism and phenomenal pride of ritual and ancient tradition, were all cut off by a broad gulf of separation from the men who were called by the Redeemer to stand close to the channels through which was beginning to flow the new and beneficent forces into the moral deserts of the world. What a disrobing and repudiation of the prince-bishops of the Jewish Church, and how, without a moment's hesitation, the pomp of prelacy and ecclesiastical magnificence, with all its historic precedents, are ignored, when this first "Society of Jesus" first takes form and becomes the divinely authorized messenger and Expositor of Redemption's matchless story to the multitudes of this toiling, sin-laden world. What a staggering and fatal blow at a mere externalism were these first appointments of the Son of God! Into the very forefront of privilege and responsibility in his Spiritual Empire are placed men whose hands have been coarsened by continuous labour, and whose previous career had been far removed from the loud, intolerant, but fashionable religious officialdom of that eventful age.

In this study it is clear that the best things are capable of the grossest perversion; so the prerogative of the Jews had become their direst curse, their religious privilege their most deadly superstition; their ritual splendour, through their narrow exclusiveness and abominable pride, had become their most hardening unspiritualness, and the source of their rejection and final humiliation and ruin.

The anger and pitiless tyranny of the priestly factions against the Christ and His few Galilean revolutionists is sufficiently in evidence as we scan the written Word. No more malignant enemies did this little company of excommunicated laymen have to encounter than the religious rulers of the time. These men called into the new Apostleship by the Head of the Church, were regarded by Pharisee and Scribe as so many religious anarchists, seeking to overturn and destroy the old ecclesiastical regime of their ancestors. They were treated as apostates from the faith of their fathers and social revolutionists who, by any means, must be put down. Then follows the story of persecution, suffering, and martyrdom.

Yet it comes to pass that the selection of these few humble peasants of an obscure province, less in extent than the Principality of Wales, at length finds the grandest justification, and the time arrives when the excommunicated laymen of Galilee stand forth transfigured and crowned with a nobility and immortality that an archangel might covet to possess. They become the representatives to the world of the ascended Redeemer. They possess the message of divine grace with marvellous power. They pen the records of the earthly career and work of the Son of God, and finally occupy a place of honour in the great temple of human history, from which no force of desolation or decay can ever remove them.

By the imposition of the pierced hands of the risen Lord these men of humble origin became prophets, scribes, apostles, whose rough, rude speech has been heard across the centuries, and has moved the world like a voice from eternity. Though dead they speak in languages spoken by nine-tenths of the population of the globe to-day, though nearly twice

ten hundred years have rolled away since their story first found expression in human words. Their names are fragrant with associations of the most inspiring and blessed kind, and their work goes forward in the best life of the age. The torch their hands lifted in the century of deepest gloom, throws its light into lands far and near, and splendid sanctuaries throughout the Christian world perpetuate the memories and names of those once uncalendared disciples, and their influence and worth are destined to travel all the circuits of the globe.

Talk of transformations! Here is one of the most wonderful that time's eventful years can ever bring,—the changing of these Galilean fishermen into apostles and teachers, who were through their parchments to make permanent in human history the redemptive work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and fix the faith of humanity forever.

We think we are justified from this discussion in saying that many important signals are hung out in the religious development and history of the world, warning us not to exaggerate the functions of any office in the Church of God, as some persist in doing, and by this means endeavour to foist upon men old ecclesiastical and worthless fictions. What may be called the authorized lines of church officials have never in any period monopolized the gracious inspirations of the Divine Spirit, as is abundantly evident in both the Old and New Testaments, and in some of the most glorious movements in the spiritual progress of the world during the past two thousand years.

Further, it is clear that a mere formal and unspiritual religious functionalism, no matter how high its past validity and credentials may have been, can never possess any proper authority, though the office may be surrounded by much of earthly honour and splendour, its unfaithfulness to its sacred trust becomes its fatal disqualification, its humiliation, and its ruin. The Son of God with a calm and majestic deliberation ignored the whole unspiritual priestly organization of his nation when he would found and start on its way the great scheme of mercy which was the consummation of all previous dispensations, and chose as his immediate disciples a few boatmen and artisans from the country, and out of these obscure Galilean followers there at last emerge brave, spiritual revolutionists who were to command the admiration of all succeeding centuries. Untold ages of ever widening influence have perpetuated the names of these once almost anonymous apostles. And when time's record is finished, the grand old seer of Patmos in his prophetic vision of the City of God beheld deeply carved in the twelve foundations of that everlasting fabric, "the names of the twelve Apostles of the Lamb."

Bathurst, N.B.

A PRAYER.

The listening ear,—the understanding heart,
Grant me, O Lord, so that I may
More fully know, and feel, all that Thou art
To me;—my trust more fully stay,
On Thy strong arm,—in Thy strong heart
That loves alway.

—*H. Héloïse Dupuis.*

JOHN SALZBURG AND THE DUNMORE PARSONAGE.

BY DOUGLAS HEMMEON.

John Salzburg had the heart of a child, though you might rarely have supposed so, for his outer self was harsh and repellant, and few loved him. Whether John Salzburg was a good man, and, if so, how good he was, you may not know till you finish this tale of him.

There can be no doubt that the Dunmore parsonage is very low from the ground to the cornice, where it stands facing the road on the top of a wide-standing hill in a far-away country-side. This fact will meet with testimony from every minister who has ever dared to assume an upright position after performing his ablutions in its guest-chamber, for, just where he stands, the roof slopes in from the eaves, and very, very many clerical sore heads in truth have gone down to the breakfast table from that guest-chamber.

Now, if you wonder what connection the Dunmore parsonage has with John Salzburg, it is the place of this tale to show it; for, though the parsonage would have been built without John Salzburg, and though John Salzburg might have lived without the parsonage, yet had they not been closely related, this tale would never have been told; and the parsonage would have been higher in the corner-post, and John Salzburg might not have been as good a man in after years as he became, though this may not so readily appear.

One sunny afternoon in late summer time when the crickets, grown strong and noisy through the long August days, were rasping their prophetic harshness from the hillsides of Dunmore, the minister drove slowly up the long face of the hill, on the brow of which the white parsonage stood alone.

The minister was tired. "Larry," the horse, was tired; even the harness and wheels creaked in the dry, dust-laden air as though they too were tired. The cows, furtively reaching now and then after mouthfuls of grass, loitered home in front of the bare-foot boys, with drooping heads and lazy switchings, as if even they were tired.

The crickets alone seemed bright and fresh, and their raspy, strident notes jarred on the minister's nerves like saw-filing, so that, as he turned in the gate-way and his eyes rested on the low building facing him, it is not to be wondered at that he thought something like this to himself :

"Well, it is too low; I never noticed it so before. Why will the trustees build such ungainly parsonages ? And why will the ministers who superintend, not look to these things more carefully? Only this morning"—arranging his hat more comfortably—"I gave my head a most bewildering knock when picking up my slippers. This parsonage is the lowest I ever saw." He pulled Larry up to gaze at it. "Certainly something more than ordinary mismanagement of circuit affairs caused such a glaring mistake. Why, the thing looks like a—like a—" He looked about for something with which to compare it, and his eyes rested on one of the smaller boys' playhouses—"like a little boy's playhouse," he finished.

Now, it was true that the house was low, but a casual observer might never have noticed it; and then, it had a pretty dormer-window over the large front door, and

it was nicely painted and clean, and there were pretty curtains in the large windows, and it was warm and comfortable in the winter, and altogether rather a pretty dwelling-house.

And then the view from its windows is a means of grace to a man if he has any sense of God's beautiful pictures, for the land lies below and far away through the distance like a park, and the sunsets are magnificent afar over the hills, and the streams gleam up invitingly from the meadows.

But, as you already know, the minister was tired and did not think of these things till the front door opened, and a sweet-faced lady with a wide, white halo of hair above and about her forehead, stepped out on the grass, and, shading her face against the rays of the sun, called : " What are you waiting there for, dear. Why don't you come in to tea ? You must be tired."

Then, at sight of the white-haired lady, the house at once changed its appearance and became beautiful, and was no longer an ill-planned parsonage. And then—so strangely do our tempers affect our judgments—the minister smiled under his broad-brimmed, dusty hat, and answered : " Why, yes, to be sure, dear. I was just thinking what a comfortable parsonage we have."

And with such thoughts he slapped the reins on Larry's back, and drove past to the barn, where one of the boys took charge of the horse, and the minister passed in to tea.

Now, the tea-table in that minister's family—as in many others—is also frequently a council-board, lecture-table, and general family conversation place. So almost the first question that was asked after the grace was said, came from the white-haired mother where she sat in the yellow after-glow that streamed in through the wide window from the sunset over the hills. " Did it take you all the time you waited by the gate this evening, dear, to think what a comfortable house this is, or weren't you thinking of something else ?"—for the eyes of a wife and mother can see more in the face of a loved one than you or I may generally suppose.

The minister glanced up over his eye-glasses from finding the lesson for the evening prayers.

" Well, yes, I was thinking of something else. I was thinking what an uncomfortable house it is," he answered, smiling contentedly, " but when I saw you and the boys it changed its appearance."

The boys clamoured for an explanation.

" Well, then, I'll tell you."

" You must all know how low in the ceilings this house is."

There was a chorus of " Yeses " and many smiles and remarks irrelevant to this tale, yet not entirely so to certain clergymen of tall stature, who had rubbed the tops of their heads very tenderly at that table during the breakfast hour.

" Well, this afternoon, as I came in the gate, it occurred to me that no sane man or body of men would ever decide upon building a parsonage so low in the corner-post while so convenient in every other way. The bedroom ceilings are, to say the least, too low for comfort and seem to have a constant grudge against one's head."

" You do have to dodge the ceilings pretty often," remarked one of the boys.

" And I have about come to the conclusion that, concerning the building of this parsonage, ' thereby hangs a tale ' of some kind, and I intend to try to find out from some of the people what it is, for this is the queerest built house I ever lived in."

And then, as if to close discussion,

"The one hundred and nineteenth Psalm!"

"Boys, get your Bibles!"

And so the matter passed out of mind of all for the time being, save himself. And truly, for a small matter of architecture, it bothered him a great deal, as all knew from his frequent mention of it.

But no explanation ever came of it, till the autumn, when the crickets had ceased their singing in the dry grass on the hillside, choosing—some of them—the hearth-stones of the house, where they chirped in memory of their happy holiday outside, and the cows loitered no longer, but hastened to their warm barns with swelling udders, and the sunsets turned gorgeous flaming gateways into the west above the distant hill.

One day in October the minister drove past the window into the yard with haste, and the mother, looking out, said to the boys: "Your father has something to tell us this evening. I know by his face."

So none of the boys were surprised when, being all seated at the tea-table, he said: "Well, dear, I have found out how this parsonage came to be so low in the corner-post."

"And does there hang a tale thereby, dear?" asked the white-haired mother, smiling through her glasses.

"Yes, quite an interesting little tale, and I will tell you all about it after prayers."

So, after the "Amen" had slipped glibly off the tongues of the boys, they arranged themselves in various attitudes, indicative of expectancy, to hear the following account of how their home came to be so misshapen.

"I was over to Brookfield today for the first time," said the minister, "calling on an old woman —a former member of the congregation here; and, happening to mention how low our ceilings are, she told me all about it, for she remembers well and is a great gossip.

"You all know that big, red-bearded man, with the rugged face and harsh manner, who drives in from Brookfield to church, named John Salzburg, don't you?"

All said "Yes."

"Well, he is the one who did it. It was this way: When the trustees met to decide how large to build the parsonage, he opposed the dimensions suggested, saying it was going to be too high.

"They had quite a stormy meeting over it, for, being of German descent, Salzburg is sometimes very harsh and also very much determined to have his own way, and I myself have heard him boast that he had never given in to any living man.

"Well, they out-voted him, and he, not being able to do anything more at the meeting, went away and would not attend any more, but maintained an obstinate silence about parsonages in general and this one in particular.

"He waited quietly till the joists and sills and posts were all on the ground and nicely mortised and ready to be raised the next day.

"That night was very dark, and what did the great, big, determined fellow do but drive over quietly at midnight from Brookfield, bringing his tools with him, and saw just exactly two feet off of the corner-posts of the house, mortise them over again nicely, and go as quietly home again before daylight, laughing and saying to himself that John Salzburg never was beaten by any man.

"The next day the frame went up, and no one noticed anything out of the way till it was boarded up and ready to finish off, when one of the workmen, getting a

good look at it one day from the road, thought it appeared very low for its length, and mentioned it to the others.

"So they measured its height to the eaves, and behold! it was two feet lower than they had planned it.

"So they at once set to work blaming one another for making the mistake, as men will oftentimes do instead of thinking a little.

"Salzburg kept a discreet silence all the time and they never found out about it till the whole matter had been well-nigh forgotten, when he lost his temper at one of the trustee meetings one night—for he had come back, after his plan had succeeded—and in the war of words that followed, he boasted of the matter. And that is why some of the men will not speak to him to this day.

"That is all the story, so at last we know how our house is so low in the ceiling. And now, boys, get off to your studies."

The boys went away saying they would like to get old Salzburg into one of the bedrooms and have him knock his head, whereat the gentle mother rebuked them and they ceased.

Now, it was not many weeks after this that one day a message came from John Salzburg. "Will the minister come over to see Mr. Salzburg? He is sick."

So the minister put on his great coat and drove over, with admonitions from his wife to "be careful" in his ears, and in his heart hope that John Salzburg would confess his fault and be friendly as of old with the neighbours.

So he was both sorry and glad that the surly man was sick.

But, sick as he was, Salzburg would show no spirit on his face or in his words that betokened repentance for his deed. He even went so far as to boast of it, saying that he suspected the minister had been gathering gossip from old women and many more such things. But the minister was patient and hopeful, because he thought that the heart of John Salzburg was repentant and his lips alone boastful; and ministers grow, by much dealing with such men, to be pretty good judges of their hearts.

But he came home tired and nervous, for how can it be expected of them who are in the ministry that they be always sanguine and blithe?

He told the mother that he feared John Salzburg would need to be more grievously ill than he had found him, before his manner softened, and he prayed for the hardened and rebellious at evening worship.

Now, for some time the minister had been negotiating for an evangelist to come to Dunmore, and all who were on the Official Board were consenting with the exception of the obstinate John Salzburg.

"What do we want of one of those sensational disturbers?" he asked. "All they do is to take away money from the place and give nothing in return for it, and they excite the young people and cause more harm than good. We want none of their wild doings in Dunmore and Brookfield."

But, as usual, the majority was against him, and so the evangelist—a good man and successful worker—came and opened meetings in the church which were well attended, and productive of much good, but from which John Salzburg kept carefully away.

Passing the church one night not long after, the singing attracted him. He pulled up his horse. He was very fond of music. "Well, now, I never heard that old church

so full of music. Wonder if anybody would see me if I was to get into the shade of the corner."

He got down, hitched the horse out of sight, and crept up to the corner. But the wind was blowing stiffly around it, and he was forced to go into the porch.

He listened. They were singing, "I stood outside the Gate," and John Salzburg heard and his heart was touched.

The singing ended, and the minister began to pray. And he prayed that if any were standing "outside" that they might come in, and John Salzburg, standing out there, turned to go away, but somehow he couldn't, but instead he opened the door and went—he knew not how or why, straight up the aisle and kneeled down.

That meeting and that prayer put John Salzburg's life and his heart right.

The minister saw him and was glad, and so was the minister's wife, who also saw him. But they were gladder when John got on his feet and told them all how he had fought against their meetings and against his own heart and against God, and how he was going to surrender. Many wanted to speak to him, but, true to his own nature, he drove off home befor they could catch him, for he was in a rough place and wanted to talk to no man.

The minister, who had learned to fish for men warily, knew his man, and did not seek him at once, but after a time, harnessed up one afternoon and drove over toward Brookfield.

Now, about half-way between Brookfield and Dunmore, there is a deep cut around a granite hill, and just beyond, a ridge over a deep gully. Just as the minister was coming around the cut, he espied a horse and carriage coming over the ridge in front, and the horse was John Salzburg's and John himself was driving.

So the minister waited till he came up and then said :

"Good afternoon, Mr. Salzburg."

"Good afternoon, minister."

"I was just coming over to see you, Mr. Salzburg, I thought perhaps you wanted to see me."

"And I was just coming over to see you, minister, for I wanted to speak to you."

They sat facing each other.

John Salzburg's was calm and immovable, but his eyes glowed deeply, and the minister knew the man's heart. His own face was very gentle and glad.

"Minister !" at last burst out Salzburg, "I've been an old fool ! A pig-headed old fool ! I had a dream last night. God sent it to me. You know I shortened the parsonage corner-posts by two feet, on the sly—the minister's house—the house of God's servant.

"Minister ! It has worried me ever since. Did you know ?"

"Yes, John, I knew,"—gently.

"Well, I went home from the service that night, and, reading my Bible, I came to the passage where our Master said he went to prepare a mansion for us—a house, you know.

"And I was thinking, minister, that because I spoiled the home of His messenger here, He could never prepare a home for me beyond.

"And last night in my dream, I thought I died; and when I got to heaven's gate, the angel who guarded it said—there was—no mansion—for me there—that I had spoiled the house of God's messenger here. And I awoke in my grief.

"And, oh, minister !"—the big fellow's face was still immovable, but his voice was grand to hear—"I asked God's pardon, and he has

forgiven me. Will you, minister?"

The minister struggled—found his voice away down in his throat, and said, "Man John! yes."

"Will you shake hands?"

And as John Salzburg stretched his big hand over and swallowed up the minister's, the minister saw two great tears come quietly into his eyes and flow down his immovable face, and was reminded of springs of water flowing from a granite rock, for John Salzburg had the heart of a child, as you have already been told, though he had done many harsh and questionable deeds.

And God had renewed his heart.

So the two men and brothers turned each his horse's head, and as they passed each other going home, John put a slip of paper in the minister's hand, saying:

"It's just the real thing—not the dream."

So the minister put it in his pocket and drove home rapidly.

At the tea-table, he pulled it out, and told them all the afternoon's adventure, and then, after much wiping of his glasses, he read the slip aloud:

> "Oh, what a blest return
> For all my years of sin!
> I stood outside the gate
> And Jesus let me in."

For the first time in weeks there was silence at the minister's tea-table.

The boys were each gazing intently at his plate, and swallowing more than was necessary.

And when they looked at the white-haired mother, she was smiling through her glasses, as all sweet-faced mothers who wear glasses do.

Somerset, Bermuda.

THREE YEARS.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Three years: three years of weariness and weakness—
And yet of blessed rest,
For I have felt my Father's arms about me
And leaned upon His breast.

Three years: three years bereft of earthly pleasure—
But rich in heaven's own joy,
Since He hath given me bright anticipations
Of bliss without alloy.

Three years:—Is there another still, I wonder?
Or has it almost come—
That happy time, when I shall rise and enter
My everlasting home?

I cannot tell,—but oh! my Father knoweth,
For He hath set the day;
And I would only choose as He hath chosen,
Be that howe'er it may;

For full of tenderest love and truest wisdom
I know His plan must be;
And sure am I that I shall praise Him for it
To all eternity.

Toronto.

THE HAND ON THE HELM.

A STORY OF IRISH METHODISM.

BY FREDERICK A. TROTTER.

MR. BRAINSWORTHY SAT IN HIS COUNTING HOUSE.

CHAPTER XII.

A TURN OF THE HELM.

Mr. Brainsworthy sat in his counting house, in the town of Dunboyne. Comfortably ensconced in an arm-chair in preference to the office stool, which he now rarely occupied, since increasing years and widening physical girth had led him of late to consult ease rather than appearance. To keep up the reputation of being a devoted business man, might be incumbent upon the struggling merchant beginning his career; but it was not necessary for Mr. Thomas Brainsworthy to inconvenience himself in any degree, on that score, for his fortune was as good as made.

Who more respected and honoured than he in the town—and deservedly so, too,—for he was genuinely good? He intended lightening his labours somewhat in the future, and had just performed the preliminary act, which he hoped would bring to his aid the properly qualified assistant, whose services would relieve him of much labour and care. In a word, he had laboriously and slowly—his usual fashion of performing such tasks,—written out, in a large bold hand, "Clerk wanted, inquire within," and was now awaiting the result. He had not long to wait, for almost immediately a brisk step was heard in the passage, and a tall, good-looking young fellow, whose

frank eye looked straight into Mr. Brainsworthy's, addressed him courteously : " I see, sir, you are in want ov a clerk."

" Yes," was the reply, " were you thinkin' of the situation?"

" I was, sir."

" What's your name?"

" Den—, I mean David Denis."

" You were going to put the cart before the horse. Now, you don't often make mistakes, do you?—like that, say."

" Well, I hope not, sir."

" Well, what can you do?" said Mr. Brainsworthy, who felt himself drawn to the young fellow.

" Well, sir, I'm a fairly good clerk."

" You are a young man, my friend; I think I would not praise myself, I would rather let others. It is good for us to be humble in our opinion of ourselves. Have you got any recommendation from anybody ?"

" Well, you see, sir, I am a stranger here; besides, niver havin' been in a situation before, whoever employs me must trust me word, and, indeed, sir," he added, eagerly, "I'll do my best to please."

" Well, then, I suppose you may begin at once."

" I should have told you, sir, that I'm a Catholic." He hesitated before he got the word out, for in those days it was a name under ban, and he almost feared that at once his engagement would have been cancelled. But he greatly misjudged the mild-eyed merchant, if he thought that his religion was an obstacle.

" Now, I wouldn't be bigoted if I were you. Do right, and serve God. It's a good thing to pray often, and to avoid bad company. When I was beginnin' life, forty years ago, my good master used to say : ' Be obedient, avoid bad company, and do all the good you can.' He was a very good man. Early risin' in the mornin', and industry, will be blessed, and be sure and avoid drink. It is a great curse."

This good and truly consistent man was remarkable, not only for his quiet, unostentatious benevolence, but also for the faculty which he possessed of uttering wise saws, and common-place moral platitudes, with all the authority and solemnity of the discoverer. He brought forth these hoary maxims as though he were for the first time springing them upon an astonished and awe-struck world. He bored, unutterably, all his dependents and acquaintances; but, nevertheless, on account of his sterling goodness, no one ever dreamt of resenting, although they often chafed under the well-meant torture.

Soon, under this gentleman's roof, Denis began to feel himself very much at home indeed; with the natural buoyancy of youth, his spirits, hitherto cast down, began rapidly to rise to their normal elasticity. Although most of Mr. Brainsworthy's employees were Protestants, Denis, on the whole, found them very companionable and friendly. Nor did he find his duties too exacting or wearisome; but, on the contrary, delighted in a service where he could perceive that his efforts to excel were appreciated. Not that good Mr. Brainsworthy would, for any consideration, have uttered a word of commendation, no matter how zealously and successfully the work was done. That would have been entirely opposed to his principles, being likely, in his judgment, to foster a spirit of pride, in the young person so favoured. Mr. Brainsworthy did not discriminate or adapt his treatment to the infinitely varied characters with whom he came in contact. But certain principles, having the sanction of the good man's grandparents, were thereby rendered infallible in his opinion, and univer-

sally appropriate. Now a word of praise would have been inexpressibly sweet to Denis, and, moreover, would have stimulated him, if not to greater efforts, at least to cheerier work. But, no ! because such a method would have injured idle Aleck, the last apprentice, poor Denis must hunger in vain for what would have been a real help to him.

Of Mrs. Brainsworthy, what shall we say? A confirmed invalid, chained to her chair in constant suffering. None ever heard from her gentle lips a murmur, nor saw a frown mar the sweetness of that placid face.

In the course of a little while Denis, like all the rest of the household, was brought under the sway of that gracious influence ; and, while he respected his master and honoured him above many, for his mistress he felt a deeper and more enthusiastic regard, not unlike the mingled reverence and affection which the Catholic devotee feels for his patron saint.

Mrs. Brainsworthy had wisely made no attempts, by overt acts, to convert him from Popery. Indeed, she was little concerned about such matters. We may blame or praise her for this according as our particular views may incline us; but, in her mind, the vast and overwhelming desire she felt to see Denis a child of God swallowed up every other. It was not, then, indifference to the frank and noble-hearted fellow's highest interests which kept her silent on the subject of religion in his presence. Very far otherwise. It might be safely said that never did the young man cross the threshold of her little sitting-room, the bearer of a message from her husband, but her soul was drawn out in prayer on his behalf. Little did he think, poor lad, of that loving, faithful woman's intense yearning for his salvation. How unselfish she was ! How thoughtful of others ! How unruffled the perfect calm of her soul ! Her temper, how sweet and joyous, even when she was suffering most ! Yet she did not dwell apart from the life and interests of the home, as is the habit of so many invalids; nor did she place herself upon any high pedestal of exalted virtue above others. On the contrary, there was no concern affecting the happiness of the humblest inmate in which she did not take the deepest interest.

Who more excited than she when poor Biddy, the cook's assistant, went off to chapel dressed in her new shawl, the gift of her mistress, to marry Pat, the ploughman ? And when, in after years, poor Biddy's eldest born, little Pat, junior, fell into the sea and was drowned, there were louder manifestations of grief and sympathy with the stricken parents, but none so true, or precious, poor Biddy thought, than the tokens of genuine sorrow that fell from the kind eyes of her dear mistress.

Moreover, this good woman, though saintly, thought it no harm to enjoy a hearty laugh ; and, since God had endowed her with a keen sense of the ludicrous, she not unfrequently had the opportunity of indulging in this, which helped also, doubtless, in some way to render lighter the heavy burden of her affliction.

CHAPTER XIII.

A TETE-A-TETE.

Never was Denis more astonished in his life than when he learnt that his mistress had not always been the sweet-tempered, gentle Christian that he knew her.

" You know," he overheard her say one day, " I always had a bad temper. You remember how

irritable and disagreeable I used to be ?"

She was talking to her old class-leader, Mr. John Strayke, who visited her regularly every Tuesday.

In consequence of the office being under repairs or undergoing alterations, Denis and his ledger had been relegated to the dining-room. While poring over his work, the communicating door being open, to his astonishment he overheard the above confession. Although to Denis the statement

"IT IS GOOD FOR ME THAT I HAVE BEEN AFFLICTED."

was so startling, it seemed to be quite a familiar recollection to Mr. John Strayke.

"I dare say," he said, slyly, "Susan, the cook, and the housemaids knew it, any way."

"Mr. Strayke, I recall, with bitter shame, that miserably unsatisfactory life of fifteen years ago. What a mighty debt I owe to my Heavenly Father !"

This was news to Denis. In his view, Mrs. Brainsworthy was rather putting the Almighty under obligation, by her superlative goodness and patience under suffering, than otherwise. Had she been a Roman Catholic, he would have had no hesitation whatever in classing her amongst those who, being saints, are possessed of a superfluous merit, to be added to the treasury of the Church, for the benefit of erring and less successful souls.

"No doubt," continued Mrs. Brainsworthy, "the Lord has dealt with me great love and tender compassion; and I thank Him for all His gracious dealings with my soul, but more so for the pain and suffering of the past five years. I can say with David : 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' I have learnt lessons in the sick chamber, as the Lord's prisoner, which never can be obliterated. The promises of God, too, oh, how unspeakably precious ! Affliction, you know, gives new meaning to the promises."

"You are right," said the old leader. "I do know it. I was a wild chap in my life. Before I was 'born again,' I thought little of fightin' or stealin' either ; though, as for the last, some folk wouldn't call it stealin' at all, to take a few apples from an orchard, or to pick up wreckage on the shore is thought no harm, more's the pity. Well I remember pickin' up a box washed up by the breakers the mornin' after the Ocean Bride went down. When I opened the box I saw nothin' in it but a rough pebble. It was a jewel—an uncut diamond, lost by some poor merchant, may be, comin' home from India, who lost his life at the same time, poor fellow. I gave it up to the salvage men, and kept what was of no value compared with it. Though it's sore trouble I had in my mind, for long after, the Lord convinced me of sin about that same wreckage. More by token, I could get no peace or pardon till I made reparation, as

well as I could, find out the insurers.

"Well, ma'am, I never knew the value of that stone, nor don't, till this day. I could never guess all the larnin' and food and clothes and comfort of all kinds I had in that stone, or I would not, in them unregenerate days, have let it pass so lightly out of my hands.

"The worldling has the promises of God in his hand, but he never gets the comfort out of them, no more nor I did the treasure of the stone. The promises are big words, indeed, ma'am (big, I mean, in including a great deal, not hard dictionary words), but they are not half big enough to put all into them that God intends we should enjoy. 'Far more exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think'—that's one of them. 'Walking in the comfort of the Holy Ghost'—that's another. There's more than one comfort of the Holy Ghost. 'In the multitude of my thoughts within me Thy comforts delight my soul.' True for you, ma'am, we do not know the full preciousness of God's Word till we are brought into trouble. The comforts of the Holy Ghost. How many, then, are there? Why as many as you are able to hold, I think. Two, if you can only receive two; but a million, if you have faith and occasion for them. How many troubles had they in those days of the early Church, when them words was written? I can't tell; but, sure, they had hundreds more than we are ever likely to have. Well, for every trouble they had at least one comfort."

"'Tis yourself, too, my poor John, that has had your own troubles," said Mrs. Brainsworthy.

"Aye, ma'am, you may say that. When my boy went away, there wasn't a prouder father in owld Ireland, to see him step on board the Eagle, so gallant, first mate of the craft, too. But the Lord's will be done; I can say it from the bottom of my heart. But, still, ma'am, do you think I don't feel it? Why the brightness is gone out of life for me forever. I have been like John in Patmos, alone and desolate by the sea; but, like him, I've seen visions, too, of 'One like unto the Son of Man,' and of that country of which it is said, 'there shall be no more sea.'"

All this was a revelation to Denis, sitting there, staring at his ledger, but seeing nothing of its interminable figures, drinking in instead, with rapt astonishment, these new truths.

What was this new birth of which the leader spoke? This mighty change, through which both these good people seemed to have passed? What book which was so precious? Was it the Protestant Bible, that it could only be likened to the most valuable of all earthly things?

Denis had been so absorbed in listening to this interview between Mrs. Brainsworthy and worthy John Strayke that he was, for the time being, quite oblivious of the questionable part which he had played. He had not intended to be an eaves-dropper, but, having accidentally caught the first sentences, he was so intensely interested that he forgot himself. This troubled him for awhile, until he went to his mistress and made amends by explaining the circumstance to her. He did not note the swift glance with which she scanned his features, nor would he have understood it if he had, as she replied:

"Pray don't trouble yourself about it, Denis. My conversations with Mr. Strayke are never confidential, and though private are not secret."

"Oh, is that it?" said Denis. "I'm glad to hear it. I thought it might have been like confession,

which, of course, is under the seal of secrecy."

Whereat Mrs. Brainsworthy laughed, and the subject dropped.

CHAPTER XIV.

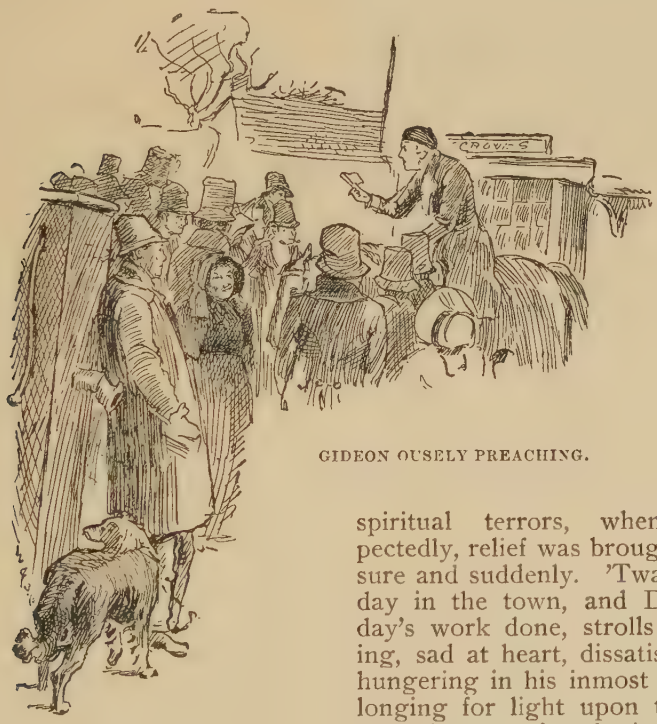
THE CRISIS.

To Denis, who had been brought up to believe that the Roman Catholic Church possessed a monopoly of grace, and that outside of her pale salvation was impossible, the case of Mr. and Mrs. Brainsworthy was wholly inexplicable.

How comes it, he was wont to argue, if the tree be so utterly bad that the fruit is so good?

While his mind was in this unsettled state, his conscience often giving him uneasiness concerning past and almost forgotten sins, he went to the priest in the confessional, but received no comfort; the advice with which his reverence mocked the hungry soul was to the effect that he should sport away these troublesome qualms in worldly amusements, and what the holy man called "innocent diversions."

But it was of no use. These impressions were not thus to be charmed away; let the world, the flesh, and the devil charm never so wisely. So, troubled and disturbed, he passed many days of anxious thoughts and nights of



GIDEON OUSELY PREACHING.

spiritual terrors, when, unexpectedly, relief was brought to him sure and suddenly. 'Twas market day in the town, and Denis, his day's work done, strolls at evening, sad at heart, dissatisfied, and hungering in his inmost soul with longing for light upon the problems that are of such vital importance to every one of us, but with which, alas, we so seldom concern ourselves, when his ears are struck with the sound of singing in the distance.

Prompted by curiosity, he saunters leisurely to the place from whence the sounds proceed. It is the market square; a surging

crowd are gathered round a man seated on horseback, who holds a hymn-book in his hand, alternately reading and singing. He "lines" the hymns in the old-fashioned method, once so popular in Dissenting congregations. It is quite evident that this evangelist is the object of a hostile demonstration on the part of the crowd, who jeer and mock him to his face. Many, too, have lifted stones to cast at the preacher; but he, with admirable generalship, having planted his horse exactly in front of the large window belonging to the most prominent and popular Roman Catholic shop-keeper of the town, is comparatively safe from attentions of the latter nature.

As Denis comes nearer, he sees that his good master stands valiantly beside this cavalry man in the Gospel Army, and with him, too, are several whom he recognizes as co-religionists of Mr. Brainsworthy. On Denis' ear, as if in answer to his sad thoughts, there fall the words, which the preacher is just now "giving out:"

"The souls that believe,
In paradise live,
And me, in that number, will Jesus receive.
My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away;
Rise, follow the Saviour, and bless this glad day."

He drank in the words, which seemed, indeed, a special message addressed to him individually. He felt a strange quickening in his heart. His soul leaped up in glad response to the trumpet-like voice which sounded the blessed invitation over and over again; and then the sweet voices of the men singers and the women singers took up the strain, and wedded the stirring words to music pathetic, pleading, and powerful. Denis stood entranced. Even the angry crowd seemed charmed out of its rage for a brief space, as the preacher repeated and the attendants continued:

"No mortal doth know
What He can bestow;
What light, strength, and comfort; go after Him, go.
So onward I move
To a country above;
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove."

There was then some confusion in the crowd, so that Denis lost the succeeding verses, all save the last stanza, which pealed forth clear and distinct above the varied noises and clamour of the crowd:

"And when I'm to die,
'Receive me,' I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why."

The preacher now took off his hat, and Denis discovered that he wore one of those close-fitting black skull-caps, which gave the name of "Black Caps" to the early itinerant evangelists, who, one hundred years ago, frequented fairs and markets in Ireland, preaching the Gospel to the common people, both in English and in their beloved mother tongue.

The good man bowed his head in prayer, and closed his eyes reverently, or, rather, we should say, his eye, for one optic alone he possessed, its fellow having been knocked out by a chance stone thrown years ago by some lewd fellow of the baser sort, who made up in persecuting zeal what he lacked in the finer qualities of religion. While the preacher was engaged in prayer, comparative quiet reigned throughout his unruly congregation, only to break into greater uproar at the conclusion of the exercise.

When it was done a man in the crowd shouted: "God d——n your soul." "God save your soul, my man, replied the preacher, quick as thought, and then continued: "'God save you, decent man;' that's what your parish priest, Father Dwyer, said to me a minute

ago, there, comin' up the Boneen hill."

This was likely enough, for such a greeting is common in the mouth of the Irishman, be he peasant or priest, and means little or nothing. Moreover, although the parish priest of Dunboyne was an exceptionally good man, very much above the average of his order in intelligence and liberality of sentiment, yet it is very doubtful if even he would have bidden Mr. Ousely God-speed had he recognized him as a Methodist preacher. Be that as it may, the fact was as stated by the evangelist, who continued :

"Aye, 'God save ye,' he said, and a good wish it was, from as honest a parish priest as ever stepped in shoe leather. The man's a disgrace to his country who would say an ill word or do an ill turn to Father Dwyer. God bless him. He has the heart to feel for the poor, and the hand stretched out to help them, too; and not an empty hand either, my lads, as some of you know well. Father Dwyer would tell you himself, if he was here, I make no doubt, that the greatest evil that can come upon a man is the evil that comes upon his soul."

"What do you know about Father Dwyer?" shouted an ill-looking fellow in the crowd.

"May be as much as you do, friend," was the quick retort of the preacher. "Them that interrupts a gentleman when he's speaking can't be in the habit of meeting gentlemen often. If you were often at your duties would you do the like? Manners and religion go together." The laugh thus turned against poor Pat puts the crowd in better humour.

"When a good man says, 'God save you,' surely 'tis from sin he means that you should be saved. That cursed thing that leaves after it, like the trail of the serpent, the sting of pain, the ugly stain of guilt, and involves the awful penalty of death to soul and body. Sin brought the anger of Almighty God upon us, and opened the gates of hell. Why, the weight of any one man's sins is heavy enough to drag him down, down to the lowest depths of perdition, to be the companion of damned spirits for ever and ever, world without end. As sure as you're listenin' to me this blessed summer evening, then, you'll make your bed in hell except you repent and be saved from sin, by the power of Almighty God, who sent His Son for this very purpose, to redeem you from going down into the pit. For He has said Himself: 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.' 'I'm no great sinner after all,' I dare say some of you are saying within yourselves. I don't know you at all, at all. You're all strangers to me; but if you're anything like what they are in the next parish, and in the one beyant that, and in the one beyant that again—and I suppose you have the same nature as your countrymen —and if you are anything like what I once was myself, I'm sure you're far from that holiness, without which no man can see the Lord. I suppose, now, you think it no harm to slip out an odd oath now and then, just to clinch a bargain, or to go on the spree occasionally. That's a good man's fault, you'll say; or, tisn't the least bit of harm in life to have a game of hurdles on Sunday; or to tell a lie in a good cause, if it's to screen a friend, or save yourself trouble.

"That's your opinion about sin, is it? Well, I'm not going to tell you my opinion about these things at all. What I think about them would be of no account whatever, —would not matter one way or another. It does not matter a traneen what wan of us thinks

about sin in comparison with what the Almighty God, Judge of quick and dead, thinks,—the Holy Being to whom we shall all, at last, have to give an account. Which of you, at noon, could look fair and straight up at the sun and not wink an eyelid? It is impossible to do it, even for an instant, because in the sun there is no shadow of a shade of darkness. He is pure essential light. God is as holy as the sun is bright; aye, and a million times holier! There isn't, in His character, a shadow of a shade of sin, and He cannot, by any means, allow it. His whole being hates sin, and because He is perfect, He must and He will punish it."

"Ah! there is something in here, in every one of us," said the preacher, striking his hand over his heart, "which tells us that God will punish sin; aye, and that it's right that he ought to punish it, too. Will you talk about your little sins? Is any sin little that's done against God? Why, you ought to be ashamed of talking about little sins. The smaller they are the less temptation one has to commit them, and the less excuse for doing them. Anyway, God does not call them little. It's a small thing, you'll say, to willingly think an evil thought or harbour an impure desire. It harms nobody. The mind's free. I tell you He has said: 'Our secret sins are before His face.' The thought of evil is sin. The impure look, the unholy desire are classed by Christ amongst the deadly sins. And what about the words, the acts, the outward sins? If you have only once broken God's holy law you are doomed. For the blessed St. James says: 'He that breaketh the law in one point is guilty of all. And the soul that sinneth it shall die.'"

At this moment signs of emotion are visible upon many faces. A look of terror proves that the preacher's home thrusts are telling upon many consciences.

"Ah! is it sobbin' ye are, my darlin'?" continued the speaker, addressing himself more particularly to a girl near the front rank of the people, now pressing closely round the horse. "And no wonder you should, poor child, But 'tis little your tears will do for you, I'm afraid, alannah. Repent, repent!" he cried, "your tears will avail nothing except ye repent. Have done with sin forever; and yet repentance will never atone for sin either, nor tears wash away your black stain of guilt.

"'What'll I do at all, at all?' I think I hear some poor sinner cry. It's long since that question was first asked. 'Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the High God? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?' No such thing, asthore. If you talk that way you're ignorant of God's righteousness, and are going about to establish your own righteousness. You're sorry for what your sins have brought on you? Is that it? Ah! did you ever give a thought to what them same sins of yours brought on your Saviour? See if there ever was sorrow like unto His sorrow. The tenderest love that ever throbbed in a mother's heart for her one, her only darling boy, is cold as frost compared with fire beside the mighty love of Jesus for you! Many waters cannot quench that love, for the experiment has been tried again and again by every one of us. The way we have been returning that love has been to throw the cold water of indifference upon its pure and fervent flame. Aye, and worse than that, you

have fought against it, and strove with him, and pierced the hand that was daily blessing us; and your sin has as much as spat in the face of the Being who was daily loading you with every good.

"Och, women, you that's mothers, think of the stab, the sore, the incurable wound your heart would get this night if you went home to find the darlin' children turned against you. Him that you worked for late and early, and denied yourself, too, the necessaries of life, takin' the side of your enemies against you, givin' you back for all your love nothing but mockery and contempt. The dumb beasts themselves could not get down so low as that. How sharper than a serpent's tooth 'tis to have an ungrateful child! God in heaven cries out to the universe His grief over His rebellious children. 'Hear, O heaven, and give ear, O earth: for I have nourished and brought up children, but they have rebelled against Me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but My people doth not consider.'

"Come a little nearer, friends, may be ye can't hear me there. It's my voice is chokin' a bit bekase I can't spake so free, like, thinkin' of the way I treated my Saviour for so many years of sin, before I came to Him at last, which time my present words bring to my remembrance. But, oh, friends, He came to seek and to save the lost! He died for you, to atone for your sins. 'The Lord laid on him the iniquity of us all,' and He never refused the awful load, but bore it away. The sacrifice which he made is accepted. You'll be forgiven if you come. You'll be set free this very minute from the burden, for His prayer is heard on your behalf. Plead not your goodness, your acts of penance, faith or charity, your alms or prayers. Plead only Christ's death. It is enough, God knows, without adding anything else. You need no fitness nor preparation more than a beggar does to take a bit of bread offered to him in his need. All he wants is to be hungry, that is preparation enough; and all the fitness you need for accepting the Lord Jesus Christ, as your own, your present, your all-sufficient Saviour, is just to feel your need of Him. Who will accept him now?"

Under the influence of this thrilling appeal Denis felt strongly impelled to cry out, "I will." It would have been an heroic act, and would have given a fine dramatic finish to the scene. But he did not do so. Notwithstanding the tumult of his emotions he restrained himself; and, knowing that Mr. Ousley was to be the guest of his master, he waited till he might have an opportunity at home for quiet inquiry and counsel.

This he soon found; for it was the custom of the good missionary, who made it his business to see each inmate alone, to make pointed and personal appeals to every soul in the household where he happened to be staying. When he came to Denis with his probing question, "Well, brother, where are you going to spend eternity?" the young man completely broke down, and told him all that was in his heart. His sincere repentance; his intense longing for Christ, and his willingness then and there to give up all, so that he might possess the happy experience enjoyed by his master and mistress.

So while Mrs. Brainsworthy was pleading with God for him in her own sitting-room, Denis, in the coach-house, where Mr. Ousely had withdrawn him, for the sake of privacy, definitely and finally surrendered to Christ.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MANKIND.*

BY THE REV. PROF. BADGLEY, LL.D.,
Victoria University.

The author of the work under review states in his preface that "the object of this book is to show that the end towards which mankind are progressing is a universal brotherhood." The key to human history is this goal towards which we may discover a steady progress. The tendency in this direction is revealed in all normal human activity; in the incarnation and teaching of Christ, and "it supplies the key to all eschatology." Literature and art; politics and commerce; ethics and religion; history and faith, all point in the one direction, furnish the secret of man's multiplied activities, and indicate the unity towards which they all tend. It is not argued that perfection in its absolute sense will be reached; but "a nearer and nearer approach may be made towards complete human brotherhood."

The methods and agencies by which this may be accomplished; the solution of the difficulties that at present lie in the way of its realization; a graphic and beautiful presentation of the progress made in the past Christian centuries; and a closing chapter on "The Future," gathering up the results of a "a growing approach to perfection," until "an infinitely small distance severs us from the absolute consummation," constitute a powerful argument, and one of the most beautiful, inspiring, and helpful volumes that it has been our privilege to read.

It must not be supposed that the author carries out his argument from the *merely* natural tendency to commerce, science, and morals. Industries that are *only* commercial; societies that are only scientific or ethical, are not equal to the realization of so supreme and divine a purpose. It is a movement centring in and inspired by Christ. "That the mission of Jesus to this world was to interpret to mankind the true goal to which they were marching forward, we shall try to show; and that He enabled them to see it clearly before them, and journey steadfastly towards it. He was the Way for mankind; and the history of the world explains in what sense this was true. Both the history of the Church and the history of the world show the definite ends which the progress of mankind has in view." Such a standpoint does not regard human history as but "the toiling of our reason, which, like a blind Samson, urges us on some devious way;" but Christ has put before us in Himself an "ideal life that is perpetuated through the Church and in the world."

Christianity is something more than a philosophical system. It is instinct with a divine life. Here thought and action are not imprisoned in a dry and abstract region, or removed from a sphere apart from human sympathy and practical helpfulness. "It holds enwrapped in it a living faith in the unity and brotherhood of the Church; . . . it points to solutions of church problems which bear on social life. . . . It is the practical side of Christianity which, after all, is our touchstone." In his Introduction, the author discusses the Development, Interpretation, and Ethical Purpose of Christian teaching.

A creed may be regarded as "a pure matter of faith," but the interpretation of the facts embodied therein should always be progressive. History, science, social progress, the accumulated treasures of the centuries in all departments of research, and the richer possessions of spiritual life, all help to unfold and explain the Christian fountain of thought and action. "We can gather the divine purpose of the Christian religion from its past history; and all our science comes to our aid in explaining and confirming that purpose."

PROGRESS IN THEOLOGY.

Theology cannot then be regarded as a closed science. The apologist and the exegete are better equipped to-day than were Justin Martyr and Origen. "Many a dark page in the history of mankind is due to the baleful influence of the disbeliever in development in the sphere of economics and religion." The record is one thing; its interpretation is quite another. In ethics we have become accustomed to speak of a "moral constant" and a "moral variable." So here, we

*"The Brotherhood of Mankind," a Study towards a Christian Philosophy of History. By the Rev. John Howard Crawford, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

must regard "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." Room, however, must be left for "growth in interpreting power." "The foundation is immutable, though the superstructure is a creation of time, and subject to its laws." We must go to Christ's teaching for the facts, but we may not disregard history in their interpretation. In an instructive chapter on "Brotherhood before Christ," the author states more fully his purpose.

"Jesus came to this world to establish and perfect the brotherhood of man. The human race was at His coming a collection of separate atoms, divided from each other by many causes. His life and love were given in order that they all might be brought into one great unity. The sum of the processes by which that unity was to be attained is the Christian religion, embodied in the Christian Church. The operations and efforts of the Church will continue till the human race are brought into a perfect unity, when the ideal of the creation of man will be reached and made permanent."

A review of the ancient and most representative nations reveals but little of the spirit of brotherhood. Ignorance, the influence of caste, false and antagonistic religions, were supplemented by slavery, luxury, and the "bloody fringe of oppression and cruelty." Occasionally one rises above his environment, and seems to catch a glimpse of peace and unity that are even yet unhistorical. But after all it is a cold and unfeeling world that history portrays to us. Even in Greece, from which so much of our modern thought is drawn, "poets might dream of equal justice, which sometimes might in common life be given to aliens, but charity was unknown." But feelings like these "were not the coin of everyday exchange, but rare pieces in the cabinet of the collector."

THE UNITY OF MAN.

If there is in the Incarnation all that Christianity teaches touching the universality of sin and redemption, then the unity of brotherhood, towards which we are tending, ought to imply unity of origin. Is such unity a fact?

Upon this point great diversity of opinion prevails. Eminent names may be quoted upon either side of the question. Racial characteristics; variety of colour; mental differences; and many other facts go far to put a great strain on the doctrine of unity.

On the other hand, the points of agreement are, doubtless, more than the differences. The universality of spoken language; laws of thought; a sense of right and wrong; a religious nature; common traditions, all point in the direction of unity of origin. "The unity of man is almost a postulate of human life and history." It is at least the theory that goes the furthest towards a reconciliation of all the facts.

It seems all but certain that, if Christ is the Saviour of the human race, the "Elder Brother" to every man, the spiritual unity implied in the work of redemption must have a basis in unity of origin. "Whether this unity is a lost ideal, which we are now toiling after that we may regain, is perhaps not a practical question. But it is a vision not without encouragement to think that the perfect divine ideal, as it rested in the heart of God, had and has a real existence, which, though veiled in the struggling darkness of our mortal world, has a noontide yet to come."

If Christ is the founder of a new life of thought and action, it is necessary to touch upon the salient features of His person and history in so far as they bear on the task the author has set before him. To this he devotes four chapters on "Jesus the Carpenter; The Theology, Ethical Principle, and Authority of Jesus."

Why did Jesus choose an humble calling? Was it to dignify labour? to condemn worldly affluence? to express His sympathy with the poor, and thus, coming nearer to the actual condition of things, touch life to the quick in the most effective way possible to accomplish His purpose? "Christ meets the working people on their own level with a frank brotherhood which they at once recognize. For the same reason He chose His apostles from humble and lowly callings." If this be so, then the end of His great purpose was present to His thought long years before He entered upon His public ministry. Under its ruling passion, "He grew in favour with God and man." It constituted a preparation and an influence in every appeal to those who struggled for their daily bread. "Jesus came to develop the social life of the race, to bring men into union with one another; and He recognized as one of the best means of doing so, the taking upon Himself the duty of a labouring man."

JESUS' ETHICAL TEACHING.

It may be that Jesus added no new principle to what had already been known and received. He came to fulfil the law. Human nature is the same after as before His coming. He gave to man, however, a new ideal. He gave to individualism and selfishness the deathblow. "Love one another." "Love your enemies." Note the parable of the Good Samaritan, and the Prodigal Son. All this was strange teaching in the age in which it was uttered. It is teaching that the world will never outgrow. "Of all the religions, and of all the forms of moral life, which the world has ever seen, the religion of Jesus is the least individual, and afforded the largest and most generous social ideal." These ideas are emphasized in all the Epistles. Their authors had caught the spirit of their Master. Their earlier sectionalism is fused and melted into the spirit of universal love. "Ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

HINDRANCES TO BROTHERHOOD.

Even within the Church itself the spirit of the great Teacher has not always found the fullest and the best expression. The rivalry of hostile sects; the spirit of persecution that helped to make the early Christians independent and self-reliant; the ascetic tendency that bred in men's minds a theory of life by rule, and which found in monkery a spirit and practice wholly alien to the Gospel; the alteration in the meaning and administration of the Eucharist; and the loss of the idea of a universal priesthood resulting in the final separation between clergy and laity, are some of the influences that marred the harmony of the Church, "and prevented the due development of Christianity in the brotherhood of man." In more recent times the opposition has come through scepticism, and certain social evils.

"To doubt God is to doubt man." In atheism there is nothing to challenge the activity of any benevolent or self-sacrificing tendency. It dries up at the root all our higher ideals. The selfishness of our own desires becomes the unrelenting foe of every human sympathy. "The picture of love which the Cross presents, and which forever has consecrated meekness and martyrdom, will only give to the atheist an instance of a man who was weak enough to perish, and who was not fit enough to survive."

But there are certain social evils that are possibly worse in their influence to retard or destroy the spirit and growth of brotherhood even more effectually than infidelity. In the terrific struggle for existence: in the separation between employers and employed which the great factory system begets; the greed of gain and love of luxury in all its forms; and worse than all, the spirit of religious intolerance; these, together with "the unconscious feeling of caste," constituting "the root of the whole matter," are among the evils that palsy the feeling of brotherhood, and make us wonder if after all, Hobbes was not right when he said that, "Man was a wolf to his fellow-man."

"When there is but the day's pittance between the labourer and starvation, when his little wages is the frail plank on which his life rests, there is no time for him to pause till the world goes right. . . . In the crowded lanes of our metropolis the circumstances of our time have enclosed a famishing host, who cannot be blamed if they trample each other down in the awful fight for life itself. . . . It is time to cease the mockery of telling men to love one another, when they are placed on a battlefield where some must slay the other, and where they have no possession but a common misery."

These evils—except that of religious intolerance—are not caused by Christianity. They exist in spite of it. Without it the world might be infinitely worse; and it seems but reasonable to hope that, ultimately, they may all be made to yield to its softening and humanizing influence. If this should fail we see but little hope for the future. We feel compelled to add, however, that, could there be but blotted from the pages of history the suffering and crime of the centuries past, and also that of the present hour, which have come from religious rivalry and persecution, we might more reasonably hope that the other evils would be less justifiable and less an insult to our Common Father in heaven.

THE POSITIVE FACTS THAT MAKE FOR BROTHERHOOD.

First among these is the family. Was the family a primitive institution? On this point great diversity of opinion also prevails. We have no space to enter into details. The author holds that "the family is the oldest human institution." It is "the highest stage possible of our earthly condition, and we cannot doubt that it is a permanent and divine institution." Departure from it in early times

is witnessed to by the sad facts of history, and we view with alarm the present tendencies in certain quarters to treat it with too little concern. These tendencies are a standing menace to a better hope for the future. In 1878 there was in the State of Vermont one divorce for every fourteen marriages; in Rhode Island one in thirteen, and in Connecticut one in ten. "The Nihilists of Russia, with their terrible gospel of individualism, are opposed to marriage and the family life." Many writers of prominence on social questions are almost equally pronounced. Surely there is danger. If this first condition of brotherhood be imperilled the future is anything but radiant with hope. "If we yield ourselves to the melody of the familiar song of home affection, we shall train our ears for deeper and more majestic harmonies that await us, and which one day we may attain."

It would occupy too much space to follow the author in his deeply interesting chapters on "The Sacraments" as a bond of brotherhood; or the influences that come through "Literature," wherein the poets have caught glimpses of that life in which—

"The name of the future is Love."

Neither can we pause to speak of "Art," permeated with the religion of humanity; nor of "The Natural Growth of Altruism," that has broken the chains of slavery, and has rescued woman from her unequal condition; nor of "Christianity and Patriotism" where all national unity comes from a common faith. Nor can we present, even in barest outline, his deeply interesting sketch of brotherhood in the early Church, the Middle Ages, and since the Reformation.

The volume closes with two beautiful chapters on "The Kingdom of God and the Church," and "The Future." In the outline put before us we have not a mere Utopia, whose only warrant is the fertility of the imagination, or the impracticable dream of the Socialist. It has its roots deeply imbedded in the springs of human action; and its historic warrant is more than prophesied in its partial and advancing realization. It will be a goal wherein "mankind must be regarded as *a thing which has its end in itself, i.e.*, apart from the other works of God." It will be "a perfect association of men in brotherly love." It will be characterized by "ethical purity," "happiness," "unity," and "a complete recognition of the divine Fatherhood." There will be an elevation of the whole race, and "outstanding men" will be less common. Mental distinctions and other personal characteristics may stand in the way of *equality of fact*, but there will assuredly be *equality of right*.

Brotherhood is inseparable from love. "God is love," and "if man is ever to see God this is the impulsive force which will lead him to the true vision." Shelley truthfully sings of—

"That sustaining Love
Which, through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast, and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst."

Victoria University, Toronto.

ENGLAND AND THE SOUDAN.*

BY REV. A. F. SCHAUFFLER, D.D.

The attention of England to Egyptian affairs began practically with the commencement of the Suez Canal. The mere fact that by this waterway the distance between London and Bombay was reduced from 12,559 miles, *vid* the Cape of Good Hope, to only 7,028 miles by the canal, was quite enough to call for deepest interest in the land which controlled this important line of communication between the mother-country and her Indian dependencies.

Just at the time when England was ecuring her position in Egypt it happened that in the south country a Mohammedan fanatic was rising to power-Mohammed Ahmed. the "Mahdi," overran the land, defeated Hicks Pasha, and tore the Soudan from the control of Egypt. Since that time Wady-Halfa,

* This generous tribute to the justice and beneficence of the rule of Great Britain in Egypt is all the more valuable as coming from the pen of a distinguished American, who is thoroughly informed upon the subject on which he writes.—Ed.

about a thousand miles south of Alexandria, has been the frontier town of England's sway.

During these fourteen years of England's practical sovereignty over the land the story of Egypt has been one of wonderful advance along every line. The finances have been brought out of chaos, so that there is a regular surplus in the revenue (a state of affairs non-existent in any other Mohammedan land in these days), the corvée or forced labour has been set aside, the villainous system of tax-gathering has been abolished, so that shows the overwhelming preponderance of English interests in the canal, and proves the utter impossibility of her allowing any hostile power to gain possession of that route to India. Not till England loses her supremacy on the seas will this happen.

The fact of the improvement in living in Egypt since the English control began is acknowledged by all in the land, native and foreign, excepting only a small clique of former office-bearers, who now miss the "plums" that they formerly enjoyed, and who would fain regain their lost privi-

SUNSET IN THE DESERT.

the poor fellah pays his taxes once, and gets his receipt therefor, and sees the tax-gatherer no more for a year. Many reforms in the administration of justice have been successfully carried out, much to the benefit of the labouring-classes. Egypt to-day is a well-governed land, and knows it perfectly.

Before going on to speak of the question of the Soudan, which at the present time is engaging the thoughts of all, it may be well briefly to glance at some facts which will justify the great anxiety that the English Government shows in this land of antiquity. The total tonnage that passed through the Suez Canal in 1893 was 10,753,798. Of this 7,977,728 was British, while the next on the list is Germany with only 798,929 tons, and France third with 702,634 tons. This

leges. To hold what has been gained at so much cost seems to be a kind of humanitarian duty, and to give it up a sort of national crime. For it is a fact that there is to-day in no part of the world a Moslem government that is not honeycombed with dishonesty and paralyzed with incompetency.

Danger to England's supremacy in Egypt may arise from two sources, and from two only. France would bring it to an end swiftly if she only could. Jealousy stimulates her activity along this line. But the danger from this side is not imminent. And if Italy joins with England, all that is left for France to do is to grumble and threaten. Action is out of the question. For England and Italy combined could annihilate all of France's boasted power at sea.

The second danger arises out of the south. It has been estimated that the population of the Soudan was in 1883 about 10,000,000, but that since that day two-fifths of this population has succumbed to famine, disease, and internal war. This would still leave a large and an exceedingly warlike population to be reckoned with. In addition to this it must ever be remembered that they look upon England as an infidel power that has no right to lord it over the faithful, and that these Soudanese Dervishes esteem it, in a sort, a duty to rescue their land from the grasp of the Giaour. To do this they would do and dare everything.

That they are no mean antagonists is evident from the fact that in 1884, and again in 1885, these warriors of the desert actually broke an English square—a feat almost unprecedented. They are utterly fearless fighters, and literally "count not their lives dear unto themselves." When we were in Egypt in 1894, the Governor of Assouan told us that the Dervishes had all the time some 50,000 men under arms, and that they had, all told, 100,000 Martini-Henry rifles. He said that if only they had "the sinews of war," nothing could stand before them till they reached Cairo. To them the north land is the land of wealth, with its more temperate climate and its wonderful fertility. There lie the large and wealthy cities of Cairo and Alexandria, besides many populous and well-to-do towns, which attract their cupidity. Then, too, the Nile, ever flowing northward, seems to invite them in its direction. In the Soudan they are shut in, and they naturally long for some exit to more favoured regions. All these are motives that lead them to take up arms against the "infidel," both *ad majoram Dei gloriam* and for their own glory as well.

What are the resources of the English that may enable them to overwhelm such forces? In the first place, there is the regular Egyptian army, numbering, it is true, only 13,000 fighting-men, but capable of expansion. These troops have been drilled and armed according to modern methods, and are fairly effective. When we were in Wady-Halfa in 1894 we found that, in anticipation of difficulties with these same Dervishes, the English had organized a camel corps of 2,000 camels. These we saw in their drill on the desert, and they made a brave showing. They had mounted artillery and rapid-firing guns, which could be unloaded and set in position in an incredibly short space of time.

In addition to these native troops there is the small British army of about 4,000 men. These, too, we saw, and they were, like all Englishmen, stocky, and would give the usual account of themselves in any battle they might engage in with the fiery sons of the desert. As we looked at them, and thought of the small number of men that they had in their ranks, and the magnitude of the responsibility that rested on their shoulders, we were reminded of what Mr. Kinglake calls "the thin red line," that has so often defeated overwhelming numbers on many a battle-field in days past. The fact is that England has never had any great army in the field, when compared with the armies of France or of Germany. But none the less she has accomplished miracles of valour with those whom she has sent out.

The territory in which these military operations must be carried out is most peculiar. On the map Egypt seems to be a large country. As a matter of fact, much the larger part of her territory is utter desert. She has only about 12,000 square miles of arable land out of a total of 400,000 square miles. In other words, hardly three per cent. of her land is habitable. As the traveller sails up the Nile from Cairo he can from the deck of his steamer see *literally* all the arable land of Egypt. *The rest is sand, and naught else.* But from Assouan, at the first cataract, to Wady-Halfa (all in Nubia), the arable land is limited at the very most to half a mile on each side of the river, and at times to only a hundred yards or so. Then comes again the interminable desert. All supplies for an army must be brought from down the river. Water there is, however, in abundance, for the river furnishes an endless supply. But as soon as an army leaves the Nile it needs another army to carry its water. This makes campaigning difficult, especially at low Nile. Low Nile is most favourable for the Dervish forces, as then they can cross and recross at many places at their will. At high Nile they are confined to one bank or the other. The English, on the other hand, who control all the boats of the river, prefer high Nile, as that enables them to transport their forces so much more readily. This is why the advance up the Nile has been put off till September, for during September and October they are sure of plenty of water for boats.

In speaking of so large a part of the land as "sand" many people will be tempted to think of it as *level*. This is

far from being the case. The desert is really rolling country, divided into valleys of varying depth, so that a regiment might pass near to a large body of the enemy and never be aware of their presence. Of course this enhances the difficulties of all military operations, and renders "surprises" quite frequent. At Korosko, for example, we saw the "look-out" of the garrison on the top of a hill about one thousand feet high. They were there day and night, watching against raids of the Dervishes. This could not be done from the lower land, as, owing to the conformation of the country alluded to above, the enemy might come close to the fort without being discovered.

The question is now being warmly discussed what the object of this invasion of the south land means. What purpose have the English in assuming the responsibilities of such a hazardous undertaking? "What will the ultimate outcome of these warlike arrangements be?" It seems to me that the whole history of England's past experiences can afford but one answer. Whatever may be her present intention, it is certain that the end will be that she will eventually conquer and hold the whole of the Soudan, to its immense improvement. There seems to be a destiny that ever forces the Anglo-Saxon on, many times in spite of his inclination. Willy-nilly, he drives on in his conquests. Now intentionally, now unintentionally, he fights, but ever with the same result, namely, he gets a little more land. He groans over it, and complains of the new and added responsibilities. But even while he is doing this he somehow gets into another difficulty, and again with the same result.

I see in these repeated experiences in all parts of the world an inevitable destiny, to escape which is as impossible as to escape from the tides. Fortunately the progress of Anglo-Saxon power is always for the best good of those over whom it is extended. There is no land in all the earth which is not better off for English rule than it was before Great Britain raised her flag on the soil. In this we may rejoice, as children rejoice in the successes of their loved mother.—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE REV. N. W. WEBB-PEPLOE'S "VICTORIOUS LIFE."

REVIEWED BY REV. DR. CARMAN.

Truly of making many books there is no end; and some of them are worth reading, and some are not. Of this last class, for the most part, is Webb-Peploe's "Victorious Life"; except it be to see the way some people have of understanding and putting things. Pages so full of Premillennarianism, final perseverance, and fanciful interpretation to support theories are ingenious and interesting in a way; but were they not relieved by some stirring thoughts on consecration and service there would be but little help in them to a true Christian.

The chapter on the Second Coming of our Lord never squints or blushes. "Christ," he says, "will appear in the air, take to Himself one class of His saints—it is not certain what the dividing line will be—and is then to reign *on* or *over* the earth; it is not clear which, though probably *over*, since it would be difficult to localize Jesus in an earthly Jerusalem, so that every eye might see Him and worship Him."

Yes, there is a little trouble just there; nevertheless Mr. Webb-Peploe says: "At any rate Christ will come in the air, and call some or all of His people to Himself." What a theory for converting a world from sin to righteousness! Did Jesus, the Lord, do it when He was here, and men saw Him with their eyes? What a dishonouring of the Holy Spirit, and an ignoring of the Word and the Church! Is not the Holy Spirit very God? Are not the appointed, decreed and predestinated agencies sufficient? Must not the Church take her responsibility and do her work? Oh, no; we are waiting for a Christ in the air? What better will a Christ be in the air than on the earth? Here is a lovely doctrine for a lazy, sleepy Church! Ye Galileans, why stand you star-gazing? The battle is here, right down where we live. The Church has responsibilities, the Word has power, the Holy Spirit is the Omnipotent God. We believe in the saving energy. On with the conflict! right against wrong; righteousness against sin; light against darkness; truth against error; the true spiritual Church against Antichrist; the Holy Spirit against the spirit of evil. On

with the fight; press the battle to the gates. Why stand star-gazing, felicitating, speculating, ecstasizing, expecting what will never come? Yes, Jesus the Christ will come to judge the nations, when the Holy Spirit, the Word and the Church have prepared the way. If we have no interest in the triumph of truth and righteousness, no sympathy with the Man of Sorrows, let us give up the war. No, by the grace of God and power of the Spirit and the Word we will do our part. No trouble about the Blessed Saviour doing His part. Only the star-gazers ought to quit libelling and emasculating Christianity before a gainsaying world. We have the truth. Press it home; and by the Spirit of the Lord it will conquer.

As a sample of accommodating interpretation of Holy Writ: The foolish virgins of Matthew xxv. are Christians all right; sleepy Christians, star-gazers, and are safe for heaven. The "I know you not" of the Lord of the feast does not stand in their way; nor the "door shut" affect their entrance. They are to hear the "Come, ye blessed." Another sample is the utter disregard of the glorious economies of grace developed from the beginning. Abraham is a failure, and Moses, and even Jesus Christ. "All these have failed to save the majority of mankind. There remains but one way for God to draw men; and that is by a living, reigning, *visible* Christ in the air, over the earth, and Satan bound." What faith and truth and the Holy Spirit could not do is to be accomplished by a grand spectacular amazement. We all had better quit giving and praying and missioning, and just look up to Jupiter with his belts, or Saturn with his rings.

Of course this theory of the spectacular conversion of the world must be accommodated in Scriptural interpretation both of the character and word of the Holy Spirit. Says the author, "You will never find any man, not even the God-man, who is described as being full of the person of the Holy Ghost." The omission of the article "the,"—which he does not after all undertake to affirm—gives us only "the gifts or qualities of the Spirit," a touch of Higher Textual Criticism. The Holy Spirit was given to be sure as a Person in the universal endowment at Pentecost; but the believer may expect Him only partitively, that is, in powers and qualities. More of the Spirit in our personal enjoyment we may receive; but the Spirit Himself to come into our hearts, to possess us, to abide, to make us His holy temple, we may not pray for. The Holy Spirit as a Person is for the Church at large, for the Church corporately, not for the individual believer: a very good doctrine to help on to papal infallibility.

There is a great difference, it is maintained, betwixt "Holy Ghost," and "The Holy Ghost," as set forth in Scripture. When we are born into the kingdom of God, for instance, all we enjoy is "Holy Ghost," not "The Holy Ghost." We are baptized "in Holy Ghost," not "with the Holy Ghost." We are not to ask for "the Holy Spirit"; but for qualities, properties, influences of the Holy Spirit. "The Spirit of God dwelleth in you"; "Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you"; "I will dwell in them, and walk in them." Such Scriptures amount to very little in their clear indication of a personal divine indwelling.

The chapter on Temptation unfolds the Keswickian idea of holiness as opposed to the Wesleyan view of Christian Perfection, or Scriptural Holiness. As usual Mr. Wesley's teachings are misunderstood, and then given the benefit of the author's misconceptions. The minute the word holiness is uttered it frightens some people. They leap at once in thought to the absolute holiness of God, and find no place for the qualified holiness of the believer. Such men ought to see that there is the holiness of God, the holiness of the unfallen angels, the holiness of the unfallen Adam, and the holiness of the saint of God, as the Church and the world are to-day. They say, We have no standard; but perfect love, as set forth in the Bible, which Mr. Wesley called Scriptural Holiness, is as clear and positive a standard as any one could desire. It is perfectly consistent with liability to temptation, fallibility of judgment, incapability and human infirmity; but is not at all consistent with the remaining or indwelling of the carnal mind. For the carnal mind, the old man, is enmity against God; and scriptural holiness is perfect love.

It will be at once seen the two principles are directly antagonistic and mutually expulsive, so that to the degree the one exists in a man, the other does not exist. A man can be all carnal mind, or *he can be* perfect love. Because we are susceptible to temptation and may fall under its power, these Keswickians repudiate scriptural holiness, forgetting that archangels and Adam fell, and that Jesus Himself was tempted. And because through imperfection of knowledge or infirmity of judgment our obedience may

not fill up the high claims of the spiritual demands of the law—that is, may not be a sinless perfection, which certainly John Wesley never taught—these same men through their own misapprehensions must reject the Wesleyan views on entire sanctification, which in accordance with Holy Scripture ask no more of a man than the pure heart, the perfect love, and the obedience of faith and love.

Under Forms of Temptation Mr. Webb-Peploe says that "the five great enemies that attempt to injure the believer are sin, the flesh, the world, the devil and death." "To say that sin or death or any other foe no longer presses upon a man's soul is to falsify every statement of Scripture and every experience of the true believer." "That is neither more nor less than the Devil's own lie to persuade a soul that this is a dispensation of extinction: it is only a dispensation of subjugation." Such is Keswickian holiness. The Greek textual criticism saves him again. It is not ye are dead unto sin, the body of sin destroyed; but ye died corporately in Christ. Not a present state, but a past act to man. Context ought to be worth something even should article or tense limp. To prove his points he allegorizes in the ancient Scriptures, and makes Moab, Ammon and Edom represent the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life.

However much is repudiated, death to sin, the extinction of the carnal mind, the principle of sin, the old man, in the clear work of entire sanctification, one thing is certain, this book provides for all a Wesleyan would demand of the promptings to sin in the desires of the flesh, even, after the principle of sin-hatred of God is expelled from the soul by perfect love. If the author had not first attempted to foist on Mr. Wesley the doctrine of sinless perfection, he would readily have worked his way into the light on his own lines. For he puts enough power into the great temptations, the world, the flesh and the devil, to bring to the ground a holy being with much more knowledge, more accuracy of judgment, and greater height and depth of love than are the possession of many an entirely sanctified believer in Jesus Christ. On the doctrine of entire consecration, the human side of the blessed work of grace under consideration, there are some valuable hints in the chapter on Moses the servant of God; but the book would be worth a good deal more if it magnified, as do the Scriptures, God's ability to save and man's ability to be saved.

PAUL AS TRAVELLER AND ROMAN CITIZEN.*

BY N. BURWASH, S.T.D.

Chancellor of Victoria University.

Among the Apostles to whom our Lord committed the planting of His Church, St. Paul is without doubt the most conspicuous figure. Although Peter and John preceded, and John was further permitted to finish the apostolic commission, yet in extent and importance of work, Paul surpasses both. The Christian literature of our century has fully recognized this fact, and the life and work of St. Paul have been the subjects of the ablest modern critical investigations in New Testament history.

Notwithstanding the number and ability of his predecessors in this field Prof. Ramsay has in the volume before us, opened up new ground, and from his new point of view, advanced new positions on several important questions—positions which bid fair to modify very essentially our commonly accepted views. It is perhaps as well to say at the outset that these modifications affect questions of history solely, and not at all matters of doctrine. It is also satisfactory to note that these modifications relieve several important difficulties or apparent discrepancies as between the old interpretation of Acts and the Pauline Epistles.

Prof. Ramsay is a thorough follower of the modern historical and critical school of interpretation. His theory of inspiration does not remove the New Testament writers from the class of historians, obtaining their information and constructing their narrative under the common conditions of human life. He has, therefore, set before himself the task of following Paul, step by step, in his career in

*"St. Paul, the Traveller and Roman Citizen," by W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., LL.D., Professor of Humanity, Aberdeen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1896. Price, $3.00.

the light of the geography, history, civil and political relationships and social, moral, religious and intellectual life of time and place, believing that a knowledge of the living facts and circumstances will make all things clear.

To this task he brings some unusual qualifications. He is a master in Roman history, especially in the early years of the empire. He is versed in Roman law and civil institutions. A disciple of Mommsen, he is at home in the details of the Roman administration of the provinces. The provinces of Asia Minor are especially his chosen field. Through these he has travelled extensively; here he has made archeological researches, and has personally followed Paul almost step by step. We know of no other writer who brings to this work the same advantages of ripe historical scholarship, combined with living personal familiarity with the scenes and surroundings.

Some of the results are almost startling in the new light which they throw on our record of St. Paul's life and work. Where all other writers have created confusion and perplexity for want of accurate understanding of Luke's terms, our author finds the lucidity and simplicity of actual facts. Perhaps the best example of this is his treatment of the whole Galatian question. Beginning with the position that both Luke and Paul name the divisions of Asia Minor and Greece according to the Roman provincial names and boundaries then in actual use, and not according to the old Greek tribal or national names, he bounds for us the Roman administrative province of Galatia, not the little home of the Celtic tribe around Ancyra, which, so far as we know, Paul never visited, but Roman Galatia, extending from the Euxine to the Taurus, and including Antioch in Pisidia, Lystra, Iconium, and Derbe, names familiar in Acts.

The churches in Galatia thus at once come out of obscurity into plain historical light. We need no theory to explain why Luke tells us nothing of their foundation, for of it he has given us his most ample account. The fact that Paul's Judaizing opponents so early directed their attention to them becomes also perfectly intelligible. They lay right along the great commercial overland highway from the East to Rome. Another example of Prof. Ramsay's historical insight we have in his harmony of Paul's visits to Jerusalem, as described in Acts and in Galatians. In Acts Luke describes a first visit (chap. ix. 26, etc), a second visit (chaps. xi. 30; xii. 25), and a third visit (chap. xv. 2, etc.). This third visit has usually been identified with the second visit at the end of fourteen years, described in Gal. ii. 1, etc. Our author on the other hand identifies it with Luke's second, thus making Paul's argument complete, that up to this time when he started on his mission to found the Galatian churches, and when he had already fully developed the Gospel which he preached to them, he had been in perfect agreement with the Apostles at Jerusalem.

But important as are these and many other contributions of the work to the interpretation of the apostolic history, they are even surpassed by the testimony which the investigation affords to the unity and authenticity of the book of Acts as a work of the first century. Next to the credibility of the Gospels this is the most important point in the historical foundations of our religion. Given the book of Acts as trustworthy history recorded by an eyewitness or from credible sources of information, and our Christian superstructure stands on a solid foundation.

A more perfect demonstration of this fact than that here given can scarcely be conceived. Its perfect consistency with time, place, geographical features, political facts, everything, in fact, which a careful scholar can discover of the environment, this is the surest of all proof that we have here history "of the highest order, in which a writer commands excellent means of knowledge, either through personal acquaintance or through access to original authorities, and brings to the treatment of his subject genius, literary skill, and sympathetic historical insight into human character and the movement of events." Such a writer clearly was St. Luke, and he has found an interpreter who shares in no mean degree his gifts.

There are many other fresh and exceedingly interesting points in this volume, which will well repay the careful study of the Biblical student. From some of the author's positions and conclusions he will doubtless be disposed to withhold assent, but from the study of the work he cannot fail to derive benefit both in increased light on the sacred history and in increased interest in its great subjects. The conception of Paul, the Roman citizen, laying his plans to conquer the Roman world for Christ, is worthy alike of Paul and of a student who is penetrated by the imperial spirit of Roman history.

THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY DISPUTE.

MAP SHOWING DISPUTED CANADIAN AND ALASKAN BOUNDARIES.

According to Prof. T. C. Mendenhall, a boundary dispute between the United States and England, beside which the Venezuelan dispute will prove of minor importance, is brewing over the Alaskan boundary lines. Moreover, according to the same writer, the course of the United States in reference to Venezula, in demanding that England shall submit her dispute to arbitration, is certain to prove an embarrassment in the Alaskan dispute.

The history of the dispute is set forth with some minuteness by Professor Mendenhall in *The Atlantic Monthly* for April. The treaty with Russia contained important geographical errors that, subsequently discovered, have given to the English opportunities which they have not been slow in embracing. The facts are summarized as follows:

"The American purchase of Alaska from Russia in 1867 included a strip of the coast (*lisière de côte*) extending from north latitude 54° 40′ to the region of Mount St. Elias. This strip was to be separated from the British possessions by a range of mountains (then supposed to exist) parallel to the coast, or in the case of these mountains being too remote, by a line parallel to the windings (*sinuosités*) of the coast, and nowhere greater than ten marine leagues from the same. Since that date the development of the northwest has shown the great value of this *lisière*. Its existence has become especially disagreeable to Great Britain, because through its waterways and over its passes much of the emigration and material supplies for her northwestern territory must go. The possession by the United States of the entire coast of North America north of 54° 40′ to the

Arctic Ocean is not itself in harmony with her desire or her policy. The Alaska boundary-line dispute offers an opportunity to break the continuity of our territorial jurisdiction, and by securing certain portions of the coast to herself greatly to diminish the value of the remaining detached fragments to us."

Professor Mendenhall deplores, for this reason, the attitude of the American Government in the Venezuelan matter. We quote again:

"We have thrust ourselves into a controversy over a boundary line on another continent, in which we can have no interest, except perhaps that which grows out of a very foggy and uncertain sentiment. We have assumed that a European power is about to 'extend its system' to a part of the Western continent, or that England is on the point of 'oppressing the people of a South American republic,' or of 'controlling the destiny' of their Government. Against this we have made an active and aggressive protest, and have clearly intimated that if Great Britain does not submit this boundary question to arbitration we shall make trouble. In so doing we have once more put ourselves exactly where far-sighted English statesmanship would have us.

"The truth is that Great Britain is meeting our wishes in this matter with almost indecent haste, because the arbitration of the Alaska boundary line, by which she hopes and expects to acquire an open seacoast for her great northwest territories, and to weaken us by breaking our exclusive jurisdiction north of 54° 40′, is enormously more important to her than anything she is likely to gain or lose in South America. Having driven her to accept arbitration in this case, it will be impossible to refuse it in Alaska, and we shall find ourselves again badly worsted by the diplomatic skill of a people who, as individuals, have developed intellectual activity, manliness, courage, unselfish devotion to duty, and general nobility of character, elsewhere unequalled in the world's history, but whose diplomatic policy as a nation is and long has been characterized by aggressiveness, greed, absolute indifference to the rights of others, and a splendid facility in ignoring every principle of justice or international law whenever commercial interests are at stake."

We have given the substance of Prof. Mendenhall's argument, but the history of all Great Britain's boundary disputes with the United States utterly negative his statement. In such disputes American "sharpness" has almost always got the better of that English diplomacy whose "greed" he so vehemently denounces. The way in which the State of Maine juts into our Dominion territory and the boundary disputes on the Pacific Coast are illustrations of this. Great Britain wants nothing either in Venezuela or on the north-west coast to which she is not of right entitled. To endeavour to discount in advance her claims may seem to Professor Mendenhall astute diplomacy, but will have little weight in the settlement of the question.

Eliza B. Scidmore, in the May *Century*, writes much more temperately:

"Alaska tourists learn with dismay that the Cameron Line would transfer the great glaciers to the British flag. For a quarter of a century there has been complete indifference to the unsettled Alaska boundary line on the part of the United States, followed recently by excited and intemperate utterances in the newspapers, based on half information, miners' yarns, and imagination, as deplorable in effect as the former indifference. Public opinion is being misled and prejudiced to a degree that renders peaceable considerations of the question difficult. Wild editorials have given such hints, points, and suggestions for Canadian "aggressions," were such intended, that one might believe the Jingo journalists hypnotized from across the border, so much better do they serve the Dominion's ends than those of our "neglected estate" of Alaska."

Our limitations of space make it sometimes necessary to somewhat abridge articles furnished us. This was the case with that on "British Columbia and its Resources," in the April number. The author writes that in consequence of that abridgment some inaccuracies of statement occur. It is too sanguine a statement to say that the whole delta of the Fraser river is rich in alluvial gold. (We have, however, seen Chinamen recovering it in paying quantities on the banks of the stream.) Nor has silver been found to any extent in the Fraser Valley. By the omission of an intermediate paragraph it might appear that the Cariboo district was described as extending from Revelstoke to the international boundary; but the whole paragraph indicates that it is the entire gold-bearing district that is so described.

THE NEW ASTRONOMY—THE SUN.*

The International Scientific Series, of which the volume mentioned in the footnote is the latest issue, has rendered incalculable service by popularizing for the million the highest results of scientific research. This is a new and revised edition of Dr. Young's standard work on this subject. The study of the sun is one of the most interesting and instructive in astronomy. It reveals the most astounding phenomena, the most tremendous energies, and this mighty orb most intimately affects our daily life.

"To him," says Dr. Young, "we can trace directly nearly all the energy involved in all phenomena—mechanical, chemical, or vital. Cut off his rays for even a single month, and the earth would die; all life upon its surface would cease." The heat emitted from the sun every minute is enough to melt a shell of ice sixty feet in thickness over its whole surface. Its distance, although only a foot rule as it were, to measure the vastness of the universe, is so great that a train going at sixty miles an hour would only reach it in 175 years. The traveller who could put a girdle around the earth in eighty days would require nearly twenty-four years to do the same to the sun. Its bulk is more than 1,300,000 times greater than that of our earth. If the earth were at the centre of the sun, the surface of that body would extend 190,000 miles beyond the orbit of our moon. The attraction of the sun can be represented by the breaking strain of a steel rod 3,000 miles in diameter.

The account of the methods and apparatus for the study of the sun is of surpassing interest. The most important of these are the spectroscope and the solar spectrum, which reveal so much of its physical constitution. Thirty-six elements like those of the earth have been positively identified and many more conjecturally so. The tremendous phenomena of the sun-spots, solar prominences and corona are described and illustrated with great lucidity. Some sun-spots have areas that would engulf half a dozen globes like ours without their touching the margin.

Dr. Young recites the various theories in explanation of the solar phenomena and freely discusses their tenability. Some of the greatest discoveries have been made by accident—that of the periodicity of the sun-spots by Schwabe, for instance. He himself declared that "like Saul, he went to seek his father's asses, and found a kingdom."

The terrestrial influence of the sun-spots on barometric pressure, rainfall, cyclones, crops, financial crises, land "booms" and cholera, cannot yet be positively affirmed: the induction from fact has not been broad enough. There is, however, no doubt of the connection between sun-spots and terrestrial magnetism, as has been shown by Professor Shearman, of Toronto Observatory.

It is difficult to conceive the energy exhibited by the solar prominences, possibly solar clouds. The chromosphere or photosphere may be five or six thousand miles in depth, but of nearly 3,000 prominences studied, two-thirds reached 18,000 miles, 750 reached a height of 28,000 miles, and several of 84,000 miles, and the author observed one reaching a height of 350,000 miles.

There are also eruptive prominences—seeming masses of flame whose spectra exhibit the lines of sodium, magnesium, iron, calcium, and sulphur—reaching altitudes of twenty or thirty thousand miles, but often rising twice that distance, and sometimes reaching a velocity of 200 miles a second. What tremendous explosions they must be that could hurl these bursts of blazing gas to such a height.

The corona is a phenomenon which is seen only for a few minutes during a total eclipse of the sun. Great beams of light stream out to vast distances, sometimes more than a million miles. Professor Schaeberle, of the Lick Observatory, suggests that the corona is caused by light emitted and reflected from streams of ejected matter which he conceives leave the sun with a velocity of nearly 400 miles a second and return with the same velocity after having travelled as far away as the orbits of of Jupiter and Saturn. He finds in this theory an explanation of the sun-spots and of their periodicity.

An extremely interesting chapter is that on the sun's light and heat. An electric or calcium light interposed be-

---

* "The Sun." By C. A. Young, Ph.D., LL.D., with numerous illustrations. New and revised edition. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.00.

tween the eye and the sun appears as a black spot upon its disk. The sun's light is estimated to be 1,575,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 candle-power. Its heat would melt a shaft of ice forty-five miles in diameter and darted into the sun with the velocity of light, or would melt a column of ice two and a half miles in diameter and ninety-three million miles long, "not in an hour, not in a minute, but in a single second! one swing of the pendulum and it would be water, seven more and it would be dissipated into vapour." This is Herschell's estimate. Rosetta's calculation of the temperature of the sun is 18,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

The most powerful lens yet used will focus the sun's rays so as to virtually transport the object at its focus to within about 250,000 miles of the sun's surface. In this focus the most refractory substances, platinum, fire-clay, the diamond itself, are either instantly melted or dissipated in vapour. If the sun were to come as near us as the moon the solid earth would melt like wax.

What maintains this enormous heat? If the sun were solid coal burning in pure oxygen it would last only 6,000 years. Two principal theories are held. The one is, that the chief source of solar heat is the impact of meteoric matter, the other that it is the slow contraction of the sun. Probably the two causes are combined. A contraction of 300 feet a year would maintain its present heat. Even if the sun once filled a sphere much vaster than Neptune's orbit, it could not have maintained its present heat for more than eighteen million years, nor continue to maintain it for more than twelve million years longer. But a rain of meteors on its surface might extend that time indefinitely, or some tremendous collision might convert it again into vapour and restore in a few hours or moments the wasted energy of ages.

While the sun's surface emits such tremendous heat, the elder Herschel conceived that the central globe might be a habitable world sheltered from the blazing photosphere by a layer of cool non-luminous clouds. This glorious orb, he thought, might be the heaven of the Scriptures. But the "many mansions" of the Father's house may have their location in space without resorting to this somewhat forced theory. Dr. Young and most astronomers believe the photosphere to be clouds formed mainly by the condensation from a heated gaseous condition of the substances which are most conspicuous in the solar spectrum, such as iron and other metals.

The study of this august theme gives us a new and grander conception of the words of the Psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. . . . In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

THE CLEVELAND GENERAL CONFERENCE.

In welcoming this august body, the mayor of the city pronounced it to be one of the greatest deliberative assemblies in the world. It represents one of the largest Churches in Christendom, with more than a hundred and twenty Conferences in America, in India, China, Corea, Liberia, Norway and Sweden, Germany, Italy, Mexico and South America. The address of the bishops, written by Bishop Warren, reads like an apostolic greeting to the Churches scattered abroad throughout the world. It is more truly ecumenical in spirit than the papal syllabus.

The gain in membership of the quadrennium was 386,000, making a total membership of 2,766,656. "For this glorious spiritual success," says the Bishops' Message, "we are largely indebted under God to the fervour, zeal, fresh spiritual insight and faithfulness, even unto death, of humble men toiling in lowly fields, often hungry and cold, enduring hardships known only to themselves and God."

The Sunday-schools number over 30,000, a gain of 3,766 in the quadrennium. The teachers and scholars number 2,938,605, a gain of 280,858. Conversions reported in the Sunday-school in the quadrennium, 533,486, thus indicating the chief source of increase in membership. The Epworth League in its seventh year enrolls 1,350,000, a wonderful record of the growth in a single Church of this organization.

The messages to the Church on education, on Christian citizenship, on capital and labour, international arbitration, on

the liquor traffic and worldly amusements, bear the stamp of highest Christian statesmanship.

The Woman Question.

Of course this question, which has agitated the Church for eight years, was much in evidence. Four elect ladies answered to their names when the roll was called. Their eligibility was promptly challenged by Dr. Buckley, and the question referred to a representative committee of thirty-one persons. A majority report, signed by twenty, sustained their eligibility, a minority report, signed by eleven, rejected it. Rev. W. A. Knight began his speech with the words, "Mr. President, brethren and sisters of the General Conference." "Millions of homes would be made sad," he said, "if the women were not admitted."

The question was referred back to the Annual Conferences for another vote; the General Conference giving more than a three-fourths majority to this reference.

The women failed, it will be remembered, by only sixty-six votes in 10,138, of obtaining the three-fourths majority of the Church in favour of their admission. Two-thirds, we judge, of the social and religious activities of the Church are carried on by women, and it seems only right that they should have a voice in framing the rules and regulations of the body to which they render such important service.

We think it a pity that the women elected eight years ago were excluded from the Conference. Resistance to the movement, we judge, is like Mrs. Partington trying to keep back the Atlantic with her broom. The theological argument as to their disability, we think, has been thoroughly refuted. Any religious parliament in the world would be greatly strengthened by the addition of such women as Miss Frances Willard, the prime organizer of that world-wide movement, the W. C. T. U.; of Mrs. Bottome, the founder of that magnificent society, the King's Daughters, of Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, the chief organizer of the great Methodist Deaconess movement in the United States, of the managers of the Woman's Missionary Society, and many other Deborahs in Israel who are fitted by God to take their place among the leaders in social, moral and religious reform. The Church and the world are slow in recognizing its indebtedness to the women like Persis, and Phœbe, and Priscilla; like Monica, Paula, and Eustochia; like St. Catharine of Alexandria, St. Catharine of Siena, St. Catharine of England; to the pious women who, like Elizabeth of Hungary, Margaret of Scotland, Louisa of Prussia, and Victoria of England, have been greatly helpful to the Church of God.

The *Northwestern Advocate* points out that the admission was defeated by the German vote, which was almost unanimous against it. The Rev. Dr. Smiley, in that paper, affirms that if the vote of the Conference outside of the United States be excluded, the three-fourths majority were secured, and protests strongly against the votes of persons brought up amid foreign environments and subject to foreign prejudices, who never saw or will see, the United States, imposing the yoke of their prejudices upon the mother Church.

The Conference is inclined to be more democratic than heretofore. Instead of allowing the Bishops to nominate important committees, it appoints them by ballot direct. The laymen are only about two-fifths of the Conference instead of one-half, as in our own Church. Many of them desire that the laymen might sit together for purposes of consultation. The *Northwestern Advocate* prophesies that they may conclude to sit apart as a separate house, which, it says, will give increased dignity and greater impressiveness to legislation. We think our Canadian method of equal representation and thorough mingling of ministers and laymen a far superior method.

AT GIBRALTAR.

Thou art the rock of empire, set mid-seas
  Between the East and West, that God has built;
  Advance thy Roman borders where thou wilt,
While run thy armies true with His decrees:
Law, justice, liberty,—great gifts are these;
  Watch that they spread where English blood is spilt,
  Lest, mixed and sullied with his country's guilt,
The soldier's life-stream flow, and heaven displease.

—*George Edward Woodberry.*

Current Thought.

Growth of Arbitration Sentiment.

The meeting at Washington, D.C., in the interest of international arbitration, was a very significant sign of the times. Many of the men of light and leading of the United States took part in the conference. Among them were Presidents Elliott, of Harvard; Patton, of Princeton; Angel, of Michigan University; and Gates, of Amhurst. Ex-senator Edmunds presided, and two ex-cabinet officers, Hon. J. W. Foster, and Carl Schurz, and many distinguished divines, judges, authors and publicists, took part. The Washington politicians, the men who precipitated the crisis, were naturally absent. Among the resolutions adopted was the following:

"That in the judgment of this conference, religion, humanity and justice, as well as the material interest of civilized society, demand the immediate establishment between the United States and Great Britain, and with other civilized nations, of a permanent system of arbitration."

This expresses the best sentiment of the nation, though not the judgment of the bar-rooms, the corner groceries, the jingo papers or the professional politicians. The danger is, that the baser element, under the pretence of patriotism, may plunge the nation into war before its sober judgment can be appealed to.

The Hon. J. W. Foster said:

"The English-speaking race is by far the most numerous of the great Caucasian family, and to it is entrusted by Providence the highest interests of civilization and Christianity in the world; and if this conference shall result in a permanent plan whereby their differences may be adjusted by arbitration, it will win for itself the fame of one of the memorable assemblies of all history."

The *American Friend* says:

"The speeches of Carl Shurz, a man who spent his earlier life under the military system of his fatherland, by President Eliot of Harvard, Gates of Amherst, and Patton of Princeton, mark an epoch in the movement which has silently gathered force ever since the star shone in the east."

The New York *Independent* devotes a special number to this subject. Chauncey Depew states that some eighty cases were decided by arbitration during the century. Six months ago arbitration was sneered at as a dream of philanthropists and theorists, to-day it receives very general support, and the semi-official sanction of Mr. Balfour, leader of the House of Commons. Its opponent are the jingos and the army—or part of it. General Wolseley expressed the sentiment that a reign of peace was an idle dream. We prefer to accept the infallible prophecies of Holy Scripture to the dictum of a professional soldier, a man of war from his youth.

Dean Farrar has a noble appeal for a permanent tribunal of peace. Henry M. Stanley thinks that the passions of America, fed by a sensational press, are a great obstacle to arbitration. F. R. Coudert says war solves no real question. An appeal to brute force can never satisfy the sense of right and justice. A new force has come into play, the men who do the fighting, the women who do the weeping. Price Hughes quotes the late Cardinal Manning and the Pope of Rome as strong friends of arbitration. Professor Goldwin Smith admits that the tide of British opinion seems to be setting against the retirement of Great Britain from this continent, but admonishes British statesmen how they pat colonial jingoism on the back.

It is not likely that Canada, however patriotic, will precipitate a war with a neighbour fifteen times as numerous; but she will stand for the mother country whatever fate portend.

General Michie, of West Point, points out the frightful war burdens of Europe, over three and a half millions of soldiers on a peace footing, at a cost of nearly a thousand million dollars a year.

Joseph Cook on Arbitration.

Long before the present crisis arose, Joseph Cook made the following statement and appeal for international arbitration:

"Mr. Bright, in 1849, supported Mr. Cobden when the latter presented a petition of 200,000 names to Parliament asking that arbitration be made a remedy for war in every case to which it is applicable. Some of the greatest philanthropists of Europe put themselves on Mr. Cobden's side, Victor Hugo among them; and so, little by little, the ear of the world was obtained. In 1873, the

British House of Commons passed a resolution praying the Queen to put a provision making arbitration a remedy for war into every treaty she should make with foreign nations. The Lords never passed that measure.

"President Garfield announced that arbitration was the settled policy of his administration. He wished to bring together all the nations of this continent, and to enter into a treaty with them to make arbitration a remedy for war in every case to which it is applicable. Commerce was asleep; commerce was counting its dollars in its tills; commerce was bending over its muck-rake and forgetting the glorious rewards of philanthropy which are far-flashing crowns in history long after individual or even national wealth is forgotten.

"Little Peru, in South America, called for a convention to make arbitration the rule of this hemisphere. It is only of late that we have begun to appreciate our interests in South America. Britain is in advance of us commercially in that part of the world so far from her, so near to us. What we want is that not merely among English-speaking nations, but throughout the whole globe, it should become the practice to make arbitration an international system, and thus a remedy for all wars to which arbitration can be applied.

"Charles Sumner, through his whole career, was a defender of the principles on which scholars are endeavouring to build universal peace. He believed in war, indeed, such as our Northern States fought to abolish slavery and maintain the Union; but his aim was to spread the white robe of peace around the whole earth. These same views have been urged by John Bright, by Cobden, by Immanuel Kant, by Bentham, by President Woolsey, by David Dudley Field.

"When the suspension bridge was built at Niagara, the first thing done was to send a boy's kite over the chasm. That kite carried a silken cord across the roaring abysses beneath it; and that cord drew after it wires, and the wires cables, and the cables a bridge which now bears the thunder of traffic between two empires. Just so this thought of a league of advanced populations; this idea that it is the duty of Christendom to maintain international morality, and thus to lay the basis for reform of positive international law; this scheme of an Anglo-American alliance; this theory that it is possible and desirable to bring all enlightened nations together in a cosmopolitan moral confederation, may be a kite flown in the winds of discussion; but if you fly it often enough and long enough on both sides of the Atlantic and Pacific, and both north and south of the equator, it may ultimately carry over the roaring abysses of international prejudice a silken cord of Christian amity; and that cord may draw after it wires and cables, and by-and-bye a bridge, which will bear the weight of the heaviest international reforms, and uphold at last, please God, the feet of the White Christ himself, as he walks into the dawn of the millennial day."

Second Thought Best Thought.

After the foolish and frivolous outburst of the jingoistic press has passed away, the wiser and graver utterances of the great organs of American opinion are strongly in favour of peace and good will. Mr. E. Atkinson, in *The Forum*, shows that the ties of commerce will indissolubly knit together the English-speaking peoples. The trade of the United States with Mexico is only $1.00 per head, and that with Canada is $8.00 per head. The trade with Spanish America is only 83c. per head, with Australia it is $2.86 per head. With British Guiana it is $6.38 per head, with Venezuela only $1.45. With British Honduras it is $11.68 per head; with the rest of Central America it is only $1.26 per head.

In the *North American Review* Mr. Shaler denounces war as "a survival of barbarism; as resurgences of the primal beasts and beastly men; as one of the hideous lusts which keep us ever in fear of the depths from which the better part of our kind has so marvellously won its way."

An Anglo-American organization has been proposed in England for promoting peace and good will between the two great English-speaking nations. Many of the leading statesmen, clergymen, men of letters and men of business, have expressed their hearty sympathy with this movement. Thus may be woven the ties of international love and brotherhood, as expressed in the following hymn by Professor George Huntington, of Carlton College, Northfield, Minn:

"Two empires by the sea,
Two nations, great and free,
One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith, we claim,
One God, whose glorious name
We love and praise.

"What deeds our fathers wrought,
What battles we have fought,
Let fame record,
Now, vengeful passions cease,
Come, victories of peace,
Nor hate nor pride's caprice
Unsheaths the sword.

"Though deep the sea and wide,
'Twixt realm and realm, its tide
Binds strand and strand.
So be the gulf between
Grey coasts and islands green,
Great populace and Queen,
By friendship spanned.

"Now, may the God above
Guard the dear lands we love,
Or East or West.
Let love more fervent glow,
As peaceful ages go,
And strength yet stronger grow,
Blessing and blest."

The General Conference passed a strong resolution in favour of a permanent tribunal of arbitration among the English-speaking race, grounded on the fact that the people of Great Britain and the United States are bound together by ties of lineage, language, literature, the principles of common Christianity and like political and legal institutions, and of many mutual interests.

One of the mightiest factors for the preservation of peace will be the religious strong ties between Methodist Churches of the English-speaking lands who sing the same hymns, who hold the same doctrines, and who have a common religious origin.

The School Question in England.

The Nonconformist conscience in Eng is thoroughly aroused at the alleged injustice of the Education Bill of the Imperial Parliament. The *Methodist Times* denounces it as "an attempt to drive into private clerical schools all over the land hundreds of thousands of little Nonconformists in order that they may be taught to despise the faith and to hate the Church of their parents"—as "erecting a wide, huge bridge over which the entire youth of England may in due time be escorted under police compulsion into the clerical fold." These things are admonitory to us in Canada to allow no tampering with our public school system.

A grave peril menaces the welfare of Canada in the position taken by the Roman Catholic hierarchy in directing the votes of Roman Catholic electors. It is intolerable that any body of either priests or presbyters should attempt to "run the country" in their own interest. We would utter this protest just as strongly if the attempt were made by a Methodist conclave as if made by the Roman Catholic episcopate. We question, indeed, whether such clerical influence, accompanied, as it generally is, by clerical intimidation, is not a violation of the Independence of Parliament Act. It is to the last degree unfortunate that the subject of religious teaching in the schools should be made the football of political parties and that questions of race and creed should embitter the already sufficiently virulent antipathies.

It is a striking testimony to the healthfulness of our Canadian climate and vigour of our Canadian stock that so many of our leading politicians are of advanced age. Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Oliver Mowat, and Sir Mackenzie Bowell have all passed their seventy-fifth year, and Sir Richard Cartwright is not much behind. Sir Donald Smith, the new High Commissioner in London, is over that age. Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir John Abbott both maintained their activity for some time after they had rounded out their threescore years and ten.

It is gratifying to note that the attendance both at Victoria University and Wesleyan Theological College exhibits very substantial increase. We believe the classes are larger than ever before. At Victoria the well-merited honour of D.D. was conferred upon Rev. W. S. Blackstock, who for half a century has reflected honour on the Methodist ministry, and on the Rev. B. F. Austin, B.D., the energetic head of Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas. At Montreal College similar honours were conferred upon Rev. W. J. Crothers, M.A., and Rev. C. R. Flanders, B.D., Principal of Stanstead College.

The extraordinary financial and commercial prosperity of England makes her rivals green with envy, and is the cause of much of the unreasoning hate with which she is regarded. Concurrent with the tribulations of the United States, with her treasury deficits, notwithstanding its vast and fertile virgin soil, the mother empire has gone on piling up the the highest reserve fund on record. In thirteen years she has paid off $500,000,-

000 of her national debt and has an enormous surplus of revenue in the year of $20,000,000. The United States has a deficit of about that amount and wisely resolved to build only two more ironclads instead of six, as proposed.

England's little war with the Matabeles will unquestionably result in confirming her power in Africa. If Cecil Rhodes and the Chartered Company have been conspiring against the Transvaal, it will provoke a strong reaction from the sympathy felt for them. Britain wants nothing but what is just, in her dealings with other peoples. Mr. Chamberlain can confidently appeal to the verdict of foreign nations and of after ages.

While the Jews are most conspicuous in amassing wealth, they are also most conspicuous in its generous distribution. Of this, Baron Rothschild, Sir Moses Montefiore and Baron de Hirsch are conspicuous examples. The last-named has left the bulk of his vast wealth, estimated at $200,000,000, to the noble philanthropies which were such an absorbing passion during his life. His donations for several years amounted to $15,000,000 annually.

England has been taunted with offering arbitrations to great powers and refusing it to weak ones. The very reverse is the case. "Nearly all its arbitrations have been with countries whose armies and navies have been infinitesimal." Her chivalry is also shown in coming to the help of Italy just after that country had received a crushing defeat. She has been the champion of the oppressed in every land, and the home of refugees from every despotism.

OUR FORTY-FOURTH VOLUME.

No Canadian magazine has, we believe, reached half the age of this periodical. It gathers strength with the passing years. Notwithstanding greatly increased competition in the field of magazine literature, we are glad to report a substantial progress during the current year. We hope, through the cordial co-operation of the Methodist ministers and people, for a still greater increase.

Some features of special interest will be presented, including a strong article on "Religion in our Public Schools," by Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary; one by Dr. Dewart, on "Preaching Required for the Times"; "Present Aspects of Prohibition," by Joseph Gibson, Esq.; "The New Impact on the Orient," by Rev. W. Harrison, and other timely topics. A strong serial story, "The Tribulations of Philip Strong," a faithful minister who battles with the evils of the times; "The Man Trap," a stirring temperance serial tale by the author of "Lost in London"; "The Minus Sermon," and other short stories; with the patriotic papers on England's world-wide empire, "The Greater Britain of the Southern Seas," and "Round the World with the Union Jack," will be continued. The departments of Current Thought, The World's Progress, Recent Science, Book Notices and Book Reviews, will keep the reader abreast with the great movements of the age. The endeavour will be made to combine strength of treatment with lightness of touch and interesting popular style. It will be not merely a magazine for the preachers, but for the households of Methodism.

The reception by the press of our new series is very encouraging. The *Canada Presbyterian* says, "It has made constant improvement."

The *Northumberland Enterprise:* "It improves with age, and is in touch with the leading thought and events of the times."

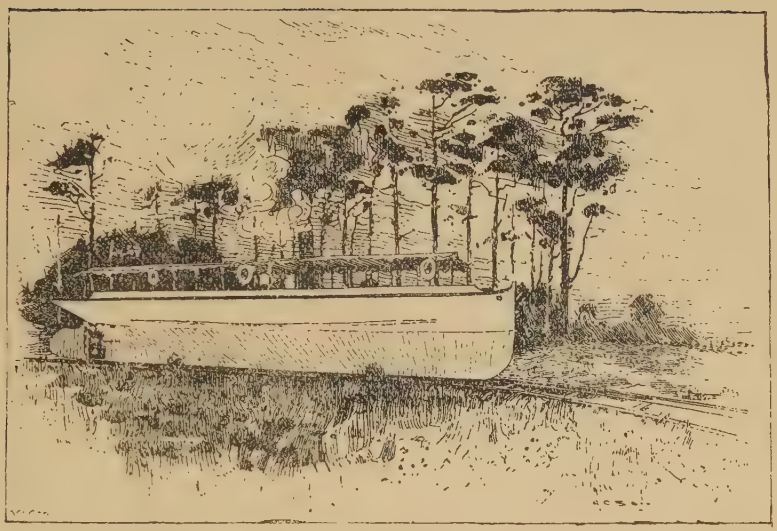
The *Week:* "It is a credit to Methodism in Canada in every way."

An American paper says, "The Canadian Methodists are succeeding where the two great Methodist bodies of the States have failed."

The *Central Christian Advocate* commends its "wise and kindly counsel" during the recent strained international relations.

These notices might be multiplied indefinitely. Give the publishers an increase of a thousand subscribers, and the MAGAZINE will be still further improved.

Recent Science.



An Amphibious Ferry-Boat.

Denmark is a country of land and sea, and the ingenious natives have provided themselves not only with steamers which take entire trains on board, but with boats which travel from one water to another on rails. In the island of Seeland, for example, the screw steamboat which we illustrate plies on three lakes; the Lyngby, Fur, and Farum, and passes from one to the other over the intervening land. For this purpose it is fitted with four wheels, which are actuated by a simple gearing from the screw, and enable it to run along the railways provided for it.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Nikola Tesla.

The latest wonder in the scientific world is the reported discovery by Nikola Tesla of a means of sending messages to different parts of the earth's surface or even to other planets, without the use of wires. His plan is to utilize electric waves. He declares that waves of electricity are constantly being propagated through all space. In order to make them powerful enough to carry messages, thunder and lightning would be manufactured by a machine upon which Mr. Tesla is now working. He says of his discovery: "I have been working on this discovery for six years. It first originated with Russian scientists, but heretofore has been nothing but a dream. I am satisfied now that I have a machine which will, when perfected, enable me to make practical experiments. My one idea now is to distribute electric waves about the earth so that messages may be conducted simultaneously to all parts of the globe."

Photographing Colours.

At the Royal Institute, London, M. Lippmann, the distinguished French investigator, explained the latest development in the photography of colours. He said he had succeeded in reproducing on a sensitive plate all the colours of nature. "Light," he said, "leaves traces of its energy in the photographic picture in light and shade, but it is colourless, because the forms of the individual waves or vibrations are not depicted." To secure this result M. Lippmann places behind the thin, transparent gelatine film a mirror of mercury. This stops the rays of light and reflects them, thus rendering the vibrations practically stationary, as the results show. Then they leave on the film the impress of each separate prismatic colour and shade.

Tidal Power.

Probably the first attempt to make practical use of the great energy of the

tides is now being made on the Pacific Coast at Santa Cruz. A dynamo costing about $20,000 is now being placed in position. It will be worked by a head of water raised by the tide, and the electric energy thus obtained will be employed in lighting the town and driving the street cars. That, at any rate, is the idea, although whether it can be successfully carried out remains to be seen. It should be noted that, if this plan is successful, the energy that will light Santa Cruz and propel its cars will be derived, not like that which lights other places, from the sun, through the intermediary either of fuel or of water-power, but from the earth's rotations; for, though the attraction of the sun and moon raises the tidal wave, it is the rotation of the earth that gives it its energy.

Microscopy.

At the annual exhibition of the New York Microscopical Society in April, one of the curiosities was the Lord's Prayer written with a diamond point on glass within a space $\frac{1}{500}$ by $\frac{1}{653}$ of an inch in dimensions. Under the microscope the 227 letters of the prayer were as distinct and legible as if written in the ordinary manner. This writing was done by an Englishman named Webb, and was accomplished by means of a system of levers attached to an ordinary pen. A still more remarkable feat was accomplished by the same man in writing the whole of the Bible, about 3,700,000 letters, in a space $\frac{1}{4}$ by $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in size. Another curiosity was the reduction of photographs to such small dimensions as to be scarcely visible to the unaided eye, and yet so clear as to come out in all their details under the microscope. The vegetable origin of coal was demonstrated by means of a thin section of brown coal which showed the cells very perfectly. Some of the important applications of the microscope to the everyday life and health of man and to his business and comforts were on exhibition and were worthy of the closest study. The bacillus of tuberculosis (consumption) is so small that when magnified 800 diameters it looks to be not more than an eighth of an inch long.—*Scientific American.*

Solid Air.

If a litre of liquid air is subjected to exhaustion with an air pump as much as half a litre of solid air can be obtained and maintained in this condition for half an hour. At first the solid is a stiff, transparent jelly, which, when subjected to the magnetic field, has the liquid oxygen drawn out of it to the poles. This proves that solid air is a nitrogen jelly containing liquid oxygen. Solid air can only be examined in a vacuum or in an atmosphere of hydrogen, because it instantly melts on exposure to the air, giving rise to the liquefaction of an additional quantity of air. It is strange to see a mass of solid air melting in contact with the atmosphere, and all the time welling up like a kind of fountain.

The Eophone.

The eophone is a new and wonderful contrivance, which, when pointed directly at the source of a sound permits both ears to hear it equally, but when pointed even a little to one side, allows only one ear to hear it. By its use whistling buoys and other guides for vessels can be located with the greatest ease in the most dense fog, and collisions with other vessels whose bells are ringing or whistles blowing is readily avoided. And thus has been made one of the most important contributions to the safety of commerce and travel since the invention of the mariner's compass.

New Hudson River Bridge at New York.

It was originally proposed to erect a bridge on the cantilever system, with a river span of 2,000 feet. This would have necessitated a tower 1,000 feet out in mid-stream, and, as the War Office requirements demanded that the river navigation should be unobstructed, it was determined by the company to attempt the bridging of the Hudson River by a mammoth suspension bridge, with a great central span of 3,254 feet.

Beneath each tower there will be sunk eight steel caissons. These will all be sunk to a depth of about 150 feet below the water level, until they rest upon solid rock. Above these the piers will be carried up in solid granite masonry to a height of thirty feet above water level. Upon the granite foundation will stand the eight columns of the towers, rising to a total height of 587 feet above the water level. Strung across the towers will be twelve steel cables each twenty-three inches in diameter; each cable will consist of a large number of steel wires, about three-sixteenths inch in diameter, laid parallel and bound together with a wire wrapping.

There will be six railroad tracks, and

the bridge is to be strong enough to carry all the tracks loaded with trains from end to end, or a total live load of about 30,000 tons. It is estimated that the bridge itself will cost $25,000,000, and the cost of the whole, bridge, approaches and terminal works, will be about $30,000,000.—*Scientific American.*

The Fastest Ship Afloat.

Her Majesty's ship *Desperate* stands as the fastest vessel in the world, with a record of over thirty-one knots, or about thirty-six miles an hour. One would think this was sufficient; but almost before the little craft has had time to tie up at her dock, the British Admiralty is demanding thirty-three knots an hour in the contracts for her successors. That is about thirty-eight miles an hour; and as these builders have always reeled a knot or two more than the contract speed out of the little fliers, we may look for a spurt of thirty-four or thirty-five knots on the trial trip. That would be forty miles an hour, or fully up to the all-day speed of an average express train!

Such a speed will not be obtained with a horsepower much under 8,000. This is one-fourth the trial trip of the *Lucania*. The *Lucania* is of 13,000 tons displacement—these craft will probably be of less than 300 tons displacement. So that the Cunard ship which is forty-three times as big only takes four times as much power to drive her.—*Scientific American.*

Niagara's Power Transmitted to New York.

A model of Niagara River, the power house, the town and the discharge tunnel was exhibited at the National Electrical Exposition held in New York in May. The turbines were run for a time each evening with electricity generated at Niagara Falls and transmitted to New York by two copper wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Telephones were connected with instruments at Niagara, so that the roar of the falls were distinctly heard. It is also said that steps are being taken to deliver some of the current to condensers connected with an Atlantic cable, so that the power of Niagara may be transmitted to Europe.

Electricity From the Sea.—At first glance there seems to be no connection between the breaking of sea waves and the electrical condition of the air. Recent investigations, however, show that the shattering of the waves and the scattering of the spray have the effect of imparting positive electricity to the atmosphere. Visitors to the seashore experience a stimulation from the ozone contained in the air, and the presence of this is ascribed to the electrifying action of the spray from the breaking waves. This same effect, from the same cause, is noticed near waterfalls.

Pumice Stone Life-Boats.—In England recently, trials have been made with a life-boat made of a novel material throughout—pumice stone, to wit, which, we are informed through a report made by the Lighthouse Board, have proven most satisfactory. Not only is the material of great lightness and strength, but it is easily worked into any shape. The boat remains afloat and will support quite a load even when full of water. The parts are made interchangeable, and when a part is injured, the simple loosening of a bolt enables the repairer to remove it and put in another.

Asbestus and Mountain Cork.—The fact that the mineral substance asbestus is manufactured into cloth and other substances that won't burn, under the trade name "asbestos," is now well known. But asbestus has a twin brother equally curious, although not so useful. This is mountain cork, a stone that floats. Like asbestus, it is a variety of amphibole, to which hornblende belongs. It is as light as pith and resembles cork, except that it is light yellow. When it occurs in thin sheets, resembling birch bark, it is called mountain leather.

On a granite tablet, a monument of King Merenptah, brought to light last year by Prof. Flinders Petrie while excavating on the site of old Thebes, occurs the record that during his wars in Syria the king "spoiled the people of Israel." The date was about B.C. 1200. These brief words are important as being the first thus far found in Egypt that mention in any way, or contain any direct allusion to, the chosen people. There has been a good deal of conjecture—that certain workmen depicted on a monument were Hebrews, for instance; that Shishak's exploits in Palestine were recorded on the wall of the Great Temple of Karnak—but nothing had been exhumed that showed beyond question that the Hebrews had ever come in contact with the Egyptians, until this tablet was discovered. It is to be placed in the museum at Cairo.—*Zion's Herald.*

Book Notices.

The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., revised and enlarged edition. Philadelphia: John D. Wattles & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xx-424. With portrait and *fac-simile* letters. Price, $1.00.

This is a new and revised edition of Mr. Gladstone's articles written for the *Sunday-School Times*. There is something exceedingly significant in the fact that this great statesman devoting the ripe scholarship and energies of his eighth decade to the defence of the inspiration, authenticity and indubitable veracity of the Word of God. It should be in the hands of every student of the Bible. It takes up the popular objections to the creation story, the Mosaic legislation and other features of the Old Testament, and points out the recent corroborations of Scripture from the regions of history and natural science.

In the preface of this edition, Mr. Gladstone says, "The primary purpose of this work is to point out that recent controversies stand related rather to the literary form than to the substance of the divine revelation conveyed to us in the Old Testament; and to insist upon some of the arguments which tend to prove that in the main the old belief as to that substance is plainly the right belief. It is attested by the laws of literary probability, rising into moral certainty. It is also attested in a special manner by the unparalleled phenomenon of the Jewish race, such as it has been and is down to the present day; and by the flood of reflected light which streams back upon it out of the entire history of Christendom. That which perplexes and may even alarm a sober-minded reader is, that we have suffered controversy on the form perhaps almost to hide the substance from our view, certainly to lower and enfeeble the living sense, which the body of believers has always entertained, of its authority, its majesty, its stringency—ay, of the terrors of the law for those who will not accept its blessings. And yet there they stand, these great facts and doctrines, in all the primitive severity of their outline, unshaken and august."

The Expansion of Religion. Six lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute. By E. Winchester Donald. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

The successor to Phillips Brooks in Trinity Church, Boston, treats an important subject in a broad and vigorous way. Dr. Donald's purpose may be succinctly stated as follows: He aims to show that religion is not to be confounded with ecclesiasticism, but is a permanent force in human affairs; and he attempts to trace its connection to-day with industrialism, socialism, education, organized Christianity, and the enlargement of human life. He shows that religion thus tends to become, in a sense, less technical and narrow, and to broaden out as civilization grows more complex, and to become more and more the modifying, directing, inspiring force in social and individual life.

We do not agree with every statement of Dr. Donald's, but we have found his book exceedingly suggestive and instructive. The following statement expresses the author's point of view and manner of treatment:

"Religion still stands in the foremost files of the world's passionate wishes, and equally of its most strenuous endeavours; and it touches and colours, in frank or subtle ways, all the outcomes of man's many-sided life. No longer regarded as the sole possession of organization and formal statement, it is rather an atmosphere in which the healthy life of man is most successfully lived. It is like the sunlight which enters unbidden into every least bit of space that is open to its gracious presence. The sole condition of its possibility for every man is openness to the incoming of the Divine. The sole condition of its personal possession is sensitiveness and responsiveness to the Divine. The breath of God, the life of man, the heat of the heart, the vigour of the will, the liveness of the conscience, the one great hope of human nature set in this brilliant, beautiful, sad, and restless world, is still that mighty force which we call religion."

The Records and Letters of the Apostolic Age. The New Testament Acts, Epistles and Revelation in the version of 1881 arranged for historical study. By Ernest DeWitt Burton, Professor of New Testament Instruction in the

University of Chicago. Cloth, 238 pp., 8 x 6 in. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $1.50.

Another contribution to facilitate the study of the Bible comes from the staff of Chicago University. "It aims to perform, in respect to the early history of the Christian Church, a service corresponding to that which the 'Harmony of the Gospels,' recently put out by Prof. William Arnold Stevens and the author, sought to render in respect to the life of Christ." A threefold task is undertaken: First, "to give to each of the several letters and the Revelation a position, in relation to one another and to the narrative of the Acts, corresponding to the point in the history at which each was written;" Second, "to glean from the letters and from the speeches in the book of Acts all the narrative material they contain, and to place this at the points corresponding to the time of the events narrated;" Third, "to divide the whole history into its natural periods and divisions." In this work there is exhibited in a form convenient for a study of the history of the Apostolic Age, all the New Testament material, outside the Gospels. "The Records and Letters" are arranged according to the Principal Divisions, with an Analytic Outline of the Apostolic Age, to which are added "Notes" on Matters of Chronology, Order of Events, Literature of the Apostolic Age, etc. This will be found to be a most useful book as a correct guide in historical study. Prof. Burton, of whose work we can speak from personal experience, has done himself great credit in preparing this "Harmony of the Apostles." A. M. P.

The Literary Study of the Bible: An Account of the Leading Forms of Literature Represented in the Sacred Writings. Intended for English Readers. By Richard G. Moulton, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Chicago. 12mo, pp. xii-538. Boston: D. C. Heath. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.00.

The Bible has been studied in a great variety of ways—sometimes as an arsenal of weapons for polemic controversy, sometimes as a treasury of texts for sermons, sometimes for devotional daily readings; but it has not been sufficiently studied as literature. We should study it as we study other ancient books, to find out its inner meaning, its beauty and richness of allusion, its relations to the time and place in which it was written. We can best learn its moral lessons by discovering the mind of the spirit in its original utterance. We must learn to conceive of the Bible not as a single book, but as a library of sixty-six books, as the chief literature of a people covering a period of 1,500 years.

Professor Moulton devotes his book chiefly to the literary form of the Bible. He classifies its different kinds of composition, its lyric and epic poetry, its odes, elegies and liturgical Psalms, its history and philosophy, its so-called wisdom literature, its sublime literature of prophecy, and what he calls its literature of rhetoric. This treatise will give us a new point of view for the study of that many-sided book—the Word of God.

The Primary Factors of Organic Evolution. By E. D. Cope, Ph.D., Member of the U. S. National Academy of Sciences. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company, 1896. 8 x 5¼ inches. Cloth, pp. 547. Price, $2.00.

This is an admirably printed and well illustrated book. The author's aim is to "show, in the first place, that variations of character are the effect of physical laws; and second, that such variations are inherited." The facts which are adduced in support of the writer's position are principally drawn from his own studies in the anatomy, ontology and palæontology of the vertebrata, but are not confined to these. It would be a grave injustice to attempt in these pages any summary of Dr. Cope's argument, and the reviewer does not feel competent to express an opinion on the merits of a question which, in the world of science, is dividing scholars, much as the question of free will and predestination has caused divisions in the ranks of theologians. But this much we may say, that if readers of this magazine desire to study the interesting problem of the inheritance of acquired characteristics from the point of view which our author adopts, they will find in this work an able, interesting, and fair statement of the case. S. P. R.

The Atonement, Moral Responsibility, Probation and Sin. By N. Burwash, Chancellor of Victoria University. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 75c.

This little book is a very important contribution to Methodist theology. It is an example of clear thinking, exhaustive study of the subject, logical argument, and, in our judgment, satisfactory conclusions. The author discusses, first, the moral constitution under which atone-

ment is possible; then, the act or work by which atonement is effected, its valency or force as an atonement; third, the relation of this atonement to human probation and salvation. The difficulties of the Calvinistic theory, the moral influence theory, the commercial theory and other erroneous modes of statement, are carefully examined. A scriptural, Arminian and Wesleyan theory is presented in a manner that satisfies the reason and the conscience. In the Chancellor of Victoria University our Church has a theologian of ripe scholarship, sound judgment, keen spiritual insight and lucid exposition. Every preacher, every teacher should master this treatise. No less satisfactory is the treatment in this book of the important subject of moral responsibility, probation and sin.

The Religion of Science. By DR. PAUL CARNS. Second edition, revised and enlarged. 8 x 5¼, inches. Pp. 125. Cloth, 50c. Paper, 25c. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company, 1896.

The title of this book creates expectations which the contents do not meet. We have a right to look for something higher and better than doubtful speculation in a treatise on the Religion of Science. Scientists will refuse to be held responsible for its theories, and religion is not advanced by its dogmatic assertions. We are told that the faith of the religion of science is "its trust in truth." It "is based upon the authority of science, not of scientists, and repudiates the dicta of popes, whether ecclesiastical or scientific." Our soul, according to the author of this book, "has a long history, which neither begins with our birth, nor ends with our death;" but individual immortality is denied. A distinction is made between Jesus and Christ. Jesus was a historical figure who lived: Christ is "that ideal figure, which has been the main factor in forming the Christian Church and which is represented in the Gospels," an "invisible and superpersonal influence in human society guiding and leading mankind to higher aims and a nobler morality." Those who profess to be Christ's followers have departed from His doctrines, and are, for the most part, substituting a refined paganism for Christianity. We cannot commend the book; cheap as it is and brief as are its contents, time and money may be better invested than in its purchase and perusal. S. P. R.

Tales of the Covenanters. By ROBERT POLLOK, M.A., Author of "The Course of Time." With a Biographical Sketch of the Author by REV. ANDREW THOMSON, D.D., and Illustrations by H. M. BROCK. London and Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

There is an undying interest in the heroic tales of the Covenanters of the "killing time" in Scotland. Like a breath from the heathery hills, they recall the grandeur of the mountains and the moors consecrated to the worship of God and often crimsoned with the blood of the martyrs. The very record inspires our faith and kindles our moral enthusiasm. In the days of our boyhood, Pollok's "Course of Time" was much read, and it contains many noble passages worth remembrance. But his best work, we judge, is the simple, artless pathos and fidelity with which he records the faithfulness even unto death of these men and women "of whom the world was not worthy." It is well that the story should be retold age after age. Never before has it been presented with such elegance of printing and illustration. Mr. Brock's pictures catch the very spirit of the theme and really illustrate the text. George Gilfillan's admirable and eloquent study of the historic Covenanters adds to the completeness of the volume.

Christianity in the Home. By THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D., Author of "God's Light on Dark Clouds," "Heart Life," etc. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 264. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

Perhaps no man is better known by his helpful spiritual writings than Dr. Cuyler. Certain it is that no busy pastor has preached more by his pen than he. The present volume is a few plain hints to parents, not a series of homilies on domestic religion. Neither is it a book of sermons, but short talks on a variety of topics; as the responsibility of parents, the conversion of children, extravagant living, sins against childhood, olive-tree Christians, fruit in old age, the home side of the drink question, palace-car piety, God's children in dark homes, God's cure for worrying, and such like, to the number of thirty-six. They would form suggestive thoughts for prayer-meeting addresses. It is undoubtedly an excellent book for parents. A. M. P.

Literary Notes.

In the May number of the *North American Review* is an able reply by Dr. Workman to the recent critique of the Old Testament by Dr. Goldwin Smith in that *Review*, in which he described the Old Testament as the millstone of Christianity. Dr. Smith's article represents the difficulty of an earnest intellectual man whose ideas of Christianity are based on the "old-school theology." Dr. Workman gives us in very lucid and able form the reply or rather the solution of the new progressive theology, which is still evangelical and conservative in spirit. His position is similar to that of Marcus Dods, Bruce, Robertson Smith, Davidson, and other more progressive British theologians. In one word, it solves the difficulty by the consideration of the human element in Scripture, and its special features in the Old Testament. Dr. Smith's critique is based entirely on the Dictation theory of Inspiration, which, of course, Dr. Workman discards. The two articles form an interesting study to those who are watching the movements of religious thought of the day. N. B.

The May number of the *North American Review* is one of very special interest. Mr. Gladstone has a striking article on the "Future State." A writer on the Methodist General Conference says that every third man in the United States is a Methodist. Indeed, in some States the Methodist outnumber all the other denominations taken together. Dr. Workman has a very able reply to Professor Goldwin Smith's "Criticisms on the Old Testament." This is noticed by Dr. Burwash above.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., have arranged for the publication in the autumn of the unpublished Letters of Victor Hugo. These will probably be comprised in two volumes, the first containing (1) Hugo's letters to his father while studying in Paris; (2) a charming group written to his young wife; (3) an interesting series to his confessor, Lamennais; (4) letters about some of his volumes, "Hernani," etc. The second will include his letters in exile to Ledru-Rollin, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Lamartine, with many of curious autobiographical and literary interest. It cannot fail to be one of the most interesting and distinctive features of the literary season.

The April number of the *London Quarterly Review* (London: Charles H. Kelly) contains, among other important articles, the following: A highly appreciative review of the revised version of the Apocrypha, an admirable study of the varied history of Westminster and its Abbey, an account of the Balkan Peninsula with its mingled races, Dr. John Skelton's "Table-talk of Shirley," memoirs of Lady Eastlake, a strong review of Dr. Salmond's "Christian Doctrine of Immortality," and a paper not so commendatory on Purcell's "Life of Cardinal Manning," which is attracting so much attention both in the religious and literary world.

The Methodist Review, for March-April (New York: Hunt & Eaton), contains an able paper by Professor Buttz, of Drew Seminary, on "Bible Criticism;" a seasonable paper on the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States; one on "The Wisdom of the Egyptians," by Dr. Fradenburgh, an expert Egyptologist; a fine study of Dante's "Divine Comedy," by Professor Kuhns; a refutation, by Dr. H. K. Carroll, of the *Independent*, of the misrepresentations of missions and missionaries. The editorial departments are well maintained.

The Primitive Methodist Quarterly (London: Thomas Mitchell), is a well-edited review. Some of the topics treated are Matthew Arnold and his poetry, Francis Power Cobbe, the Scottish Covenanters, American camp-meetings, Gerald Griffin, the Irish Poet, and Turkish Rule. In this, as well as in most of the religious reviews, the Life of Manning and Salmond's Christian Doctrine of Immortality are treated.

Dr. Lunn's *Review of the Churches* (London: John Haddon & Co.) has a specially important symposium on Foreign Missions, in which Mr. Arnold White, Dr. Cust, Mr. Eugéne Stock, Dr. Wardlaw Thompson and Sir A. C. Lyall discuss this important subject from various points of view. The criticism on both sides is trenchant.

We gave to our review of Professor Lowell's admirable book on "Mars," last month, the title of "The Hydraulic System of Mars," because the substance of the volume was devoted to the canals of that planet. In the final revision of the proof, the printer made the title of the book correspond with the title of the article. This was a mistake. Its title is simply "Mars."

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist Church.

The annual meeting of the London Mission was held in Exeter Hall which was crowded. R. W. Perks, Esq., M.P., presided. The Society is in debt to the tune of $20,000. The collection amounted to $1,990.

Rev. Richard Roberts for thirty-seven years has preached the church anniversary sermons at Whitby, and for an unbroken period of forty-one years he has rendered similar service at Howden. The late Dr. Newton preached the church anniversary sermons for forty-nine years, these two eminent preachers between them thus rendering this service for ninety successive years.

The Wesley Guild, which is the name by which the young people's societies are to be known, will have an organ of its own, the first number of which will be issued in autumn.

Rev. R. C. Johnson, D.D., fraternal delegate from Ireland to the General Conference of the M. E. Church, is the superintendent of the Belfast Central Mission. It was started six years ago "without a building, without a member, and without a penny." Now the mission owns the largest hall in the city. Not less than ten thousand persons are reached every week by the workers of the mission. Since 1881 the population has increased by 100,000 souls, and 2,000 houses are built every year. Open-air preaching is freely adopted and but little opposition is experienced.

At the missionary anniversary at Manchester, collections amounted to $1,410. The President of the Conference, Rev. Dr. Waller, stated that 2,500 men and women were paying their own way as missionaries. There were 50,000 members in the missions. New Guinea had asked for seven men, and they were supplied by Fiji. The grandsons of cannibals were the pioneer missionaries of to-day in the islands of the sea.

A London minister states that he lately took charge of a burial service of a Methodist, in a churchyard, and received a brotherly letter from the vicar, saying, how much pleased he should be to welcome him to the church, which was entirely at his disposal, offering the loan of a surplice, if desired, and stating that he would be glad to take some part in the service—a pleasing contrast to the bigotry sometimes shown."

Rev. Dr. Stephenson says that the Wesleyan Methodist ministry is the best paid in England. In no case do the stipends equal the prizes of the Established Church or the salaries of the leading Nonconformists. But no man lives at starvation point, and the stipends are paid fully and regularly, with the rarest exceptions. Since the commencement of the "Forward Movement" in Methodism, the Connexion has annually reported double the increase of former years, and in numerical success has approached the palmiest days of Methodism.

The number of candidates for the ministry in the Irish Conference exceeds all former years.

According to the reports respecting the Wesleyan Synod in the Transvaal there are 86 churches, and 215 other preaching places; 124 Sunday-schools and 4,928 scholars; English ministers, 19; native ministers, 11; local preachers, 453, whilst there are 5,805 church members, and 35,000 attend public worship.

At the Conference in Sydney, New South Wales, Rev. F. Langham, Bishop of Fiji, was present. He said the Fiji colony was largely a Wesleyan community. There are 98,000 people who claim to be adherents of Methodism, out of whom there are 44,000 who meet in class. There are 803 churches and 473 other preaching places. There are 1,662 Sunday-schools, with 36,000 scholars. The entire education of the Fijians throughout the colony is under the direction of the Wesleyan missions, and the contributions for missions average $20,000 a year. There have been martyrs in Fiji. The mission has benefited others as well as natives. At one meeting no less than twelve nationalities were represented, and some sixteen heathen temples have been converted into churches.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Bishops have presided at Annual Conferences as follows: Bishop Bowman,

219; Foster, 207; Merrill, 198; Andrews, 225; and others less numbers.

Rev. C. H. Yatman, the world-wide evangelist, was last heard from at Sydney, Australia. Many were reported as being converted.

"Gypsy" Smith has been conducting evangelistic services at the Metropolitan church, Washington, where our friend, Hugh Johnston, D.D., is pastor. A report testifies that not since the great Moody and Sankey meeting was held there has Washington been so moved. The church is crowded every night, and many conversions have been made.

During the past year fifty candidates for the ministry were turned away from the Bareilly theological seminary, for lack of means to support them.

Bishop William Taylor, of Africa, recently made bars of laundry soap the currency of the natives. It met with such favour as handy change, that the bishop's son now sends from three to five tons at a shipment.

One of the most notable features of the recent session of the Wyoming Conference was the course of expository lectures on Paul's epistles to Timothy, given by Bishop Vincent, during the hour preceding the opening of the morning business session. These lectures were marvellously suggestive, broadening and inspiring.

Forsyth Street Methodist Episcopal church, New York, recently held its 107th anniversary.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Commodore Vanderbilt gave Bishop McTyeire a cheque-book already signed, leaving the Bishop to fill out the figures according to his judgment. Bishop McTyeire honoured the confidence of his friend by drawing on him for the founding and endowing Vanderbilt University, until he had drawn a million dollars. So fully was his faith appreciated, that the children and grandchildren of Commodore Vanderbilt, have continued to bestow benefactions upon the university. God has bestowed infinite honour upon his children, by placing in their hands a book containing 30,000 promissory notes, signed in the blood of the covenant, and leaving us to fill in the figures. We dishonour Him by small drafts or no drafts.

The *Nashville Christian Advocate* asserts as a fact that a leading monthly magazine has locked up in its safe manuscripts for which it has paid over $25,000, and many of these MSS. will never see the light.

Primitive Methodist Church.

A large number of ministers have been invited to remain on their circuits for a fourth, fifth and even sixth year.

Seventy years ago the Primitives only had three churches in London, the aggregate value of which was $15,000, and the membership was less than 800. Now there are 39 circuits and missions, with 48 ministers and over 400 local preachers labouring thereon, 86 freehold and 20 leasehold churches, and school premises, of an aggregate value of nearly $90,000, giving sitting accommodation for nearly 30,000.

The Methodist Church.

The reports received from all parts of Dominion respecting the success of evangelistic services is of the most gratifying kind. Several hundreds are reported as having been converted.

Notwithstanding the complaint of "hard times," it is pleasing to know that in many places the missionary income is largely in advance. There has also been great improvement in the mode of collecting money for church purposes. Instead of tea meetings and such methods, the people have been asked to render thank-offerings on the Sabbath, and the result has been that the receipts have been greatly in advance, and much needless labour and vexation has been avoided. Four of the missionaries in Japan who expressed their wish to return home are now willing to remain, the examination by the Board into the affairs of the missionaries having been satisfactory. Rev. C. E. Bland, B.A., B.D., of Montreal Conference, has been added to the staff of missionaries, and with Rev. J. Scott, D.D., and A. C. Borden, M.A., B.D., will proceed thither in a short time.

The Chinese authorities have paid the award of money for rebuilding the mission property which was destroyed during the late outbreak.

Rev. J. Pinel has been appointed President of the French Institute in Montreal.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. Alfred Goulden, the vicar of St. Alphege, Southwark, a borough in south-east London, who was known as the "coster's parson," was buried on February 8th, at Woking. More than twenty years ago he was sent to Southwark, where there was neither church, school nor mission in the district assigned to him. He began his work, indeed, in a stable,

for the use of which he was indebted to a coster woman, and it was this circumstance which led him to take an especially active interest in the coster class. By him were established, not only a church and many different agencies for the moral and material benefit of the district, but also for a night school exclusively for costers, and a club for their use. His death resulted from typhoid fever, which he caught while visiting a poor parishioner. An immense number of poor people joined the funeral procession.

Rev. Dr. W. H. Boole, of the M. E. Church, was a man of brilliant parts, a vigorous writer, an eloquent preacher, and one of the ablest temperance lecturers in the field. He was born in Shelburne, Nova Scotia, in 1827. He occupied several important city charges, and was an evangelist in the best sense of the word. The famous Jerry Macaulay was brought to God under his instrumentality. He laboured much in the slums of the cities. He was a man of dauntless courage. Once in Salt Lake City he preached a sermon against Mormonism and polygamy, when Brigham Young and some of his elders were in the congregation; there was no little stir, and but for a squad of miners he and his friends would have received rough treatment.

Rev. Robert Burns, D.D., was a native of Scotland, but came to Canada when a young man. His father was pastor of Knox Church, Toronto, and afterwards professor in Knox College. The son received the father's mantle. He was active in Sunday-school and temperance work. His last pastorate was at Halifax, N.S. He was one year Moderator of the General Assembly, and died in Scotland, where he had gone for the benefit of his health.

Henry C. Bowen, editor and publisher of the *Independent*, New York, died in March, 1896, at the age of eighty-two. At one time he was engaged in commercial business, and with four other persons established the *Independent*. On account of the principles advocated in that journal, slave-owners in the South threatened to withdraw their support from the firm, but in response to their threats, the firm published a card, saying, "that they sold their goods, *not* their principles." Mr. Bowen was a man of amazing energy and was largely the means of inducing H. W. Beecher to come to Brooklyn. Mr. Bowen was prominent in many benevolent institutions and took great interest in all evangelical movements.

The Rev. John Hartley, of the Wesleyan Conference, was called to his reward April 14, aged 76. He entered the ministry in 1839, and was well-known throughout the connexion, and occupied several of the more important circuits. His last appointment was the Governorship of the Theological College at Handsworth.

The Rev. David Hill was for many years a distinguished Wesleyan missionary in China. Having private means, he laboured hard and successfully without salary for many years. He also gave largely to support other missionaries. His death is a severe loss to Missions in China.

Mrs. Langford Palmer died at New York, April 28th, aged 89. She was the widow of the late Dr. Palmer, "the beloved physician." For many years she took a leading part in the Holiness movement. Her house was long the centre of a great religious movement, where persons from various parts of the world have there met and rehearsed how great things God had done for them. Mrs. Palmer was foremost in many religious charities and was one of the founders of the "Five Points Mission" in New York. In all her public confessions she was humble as a child.

Items.

At a Salvation Army meeting held recently in New York, Mrs. Ballington Booth said: "I want to introduce to you six of our officers;" whereupon six young women, with dresses faded, patched and frizzled, stepped forward, and Mrs. Booth said: "These lasses have all ridden about this city in their own carriages, and once lived in palace houses. They have long since given up these things, and they dress as you see them that they may be better prepared to enter into the condition of those among whom they are to labour." The young women spoke briefly. One of them said: "We would not give up and go back to our old home-life of ease and plenty for the world."

According to Rev. H. Jessup it doesn't cost much to carry on foreign missions. A single Episcopalian chapel in New York spends more money annually than the whole Syria Mission, with its 40 missionaries, 44 preachers, 183 helpers, 26 churches, 152 schools.